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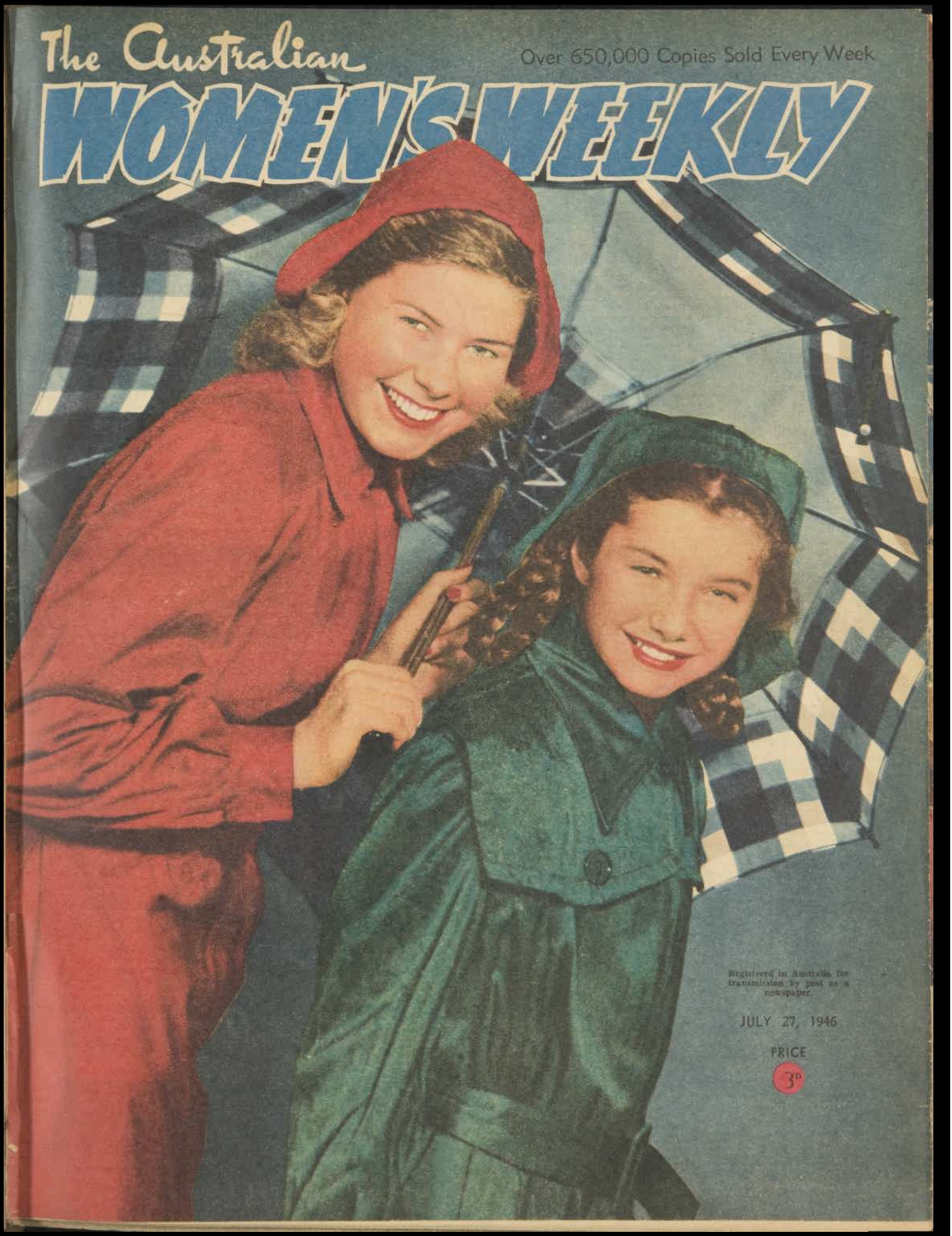

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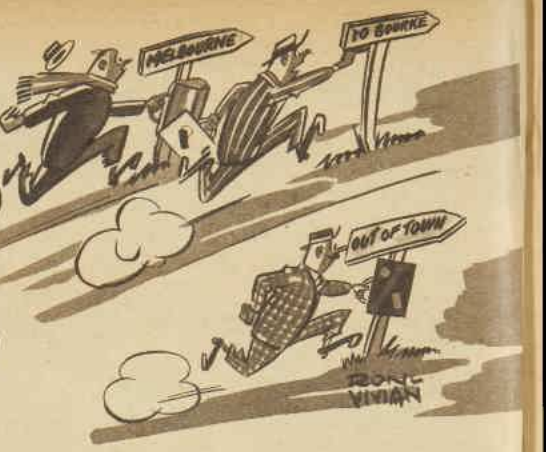
WHERE ARE THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE?



By . . .
ELIZABETH PAGAN

AN ex-service-woman has some fancy rehabilitation problems, but none so humiliating as the escort situation.

A girl comes back to find that all the fellows with whom she used to step out at mid-week and Saturday nights are married, mortaged, or absent.

She gets by, but the truism that you can live for weeks without a single invitation and the moment one arrives a blitz follows is darn right.

She spends weeks juggling dates with Tom, whose ship is in port for repairs; Jack, who's ferried a kite over from the West, and Bill, the Army captain with the pending demobilisation who peregrinates between the Showground and a telephone booth with her phone number in hand.

Then for some benighted reason Tom's ship pulls out, Jack goes back to his station, and Bill entrains for home, which is, of course, way out beyond Wanarrabarrabran. He'll be back, he says—for the spring sales.

Weeks ensue. Weeks of silent telephone and a discouraging exile from the lighter side of life.

It naturally follows that during this arid period you're requested to join umpteen parties in aid of Food for Britain, always by cosily married or be-manned girl chums, who expect you to whip up a man from out of vapor and a wish.

It's tacitly expected that your list of likelies will have stood static in your absence.

If you laugh airily at such optimism and hint that it hasn't, the rumor starts that the old girl has lost her punch. Everyone feels sorry for you, and that's social blackout.

It's easy enough to have another engagement up to a fortnight ahead, but when functions take place a month or two after invitations are issued the awful truth becomes obvious, unless you're an ingenious and poker-faced liar.

It goes this way. Maude wrings your heart with pleas to throw your weight into The Cause, and naturally that means attending a dance and bringing a "nice man." You promise to do something about it.

A week later into town pop Tom, Jack, and Bill (or their like). For several weeks you're fussed as a debutante keeping the dears apart.

Two days before the function you've practically bonded yourself to attend, they flit. All in a bunch, leaving you just where you were before.

Poring over the little black book with a frown and a pencil gives you several names which can accommodate a hopeful query mark after them.

You approach the phone whispering feverish phrases in rehearsal of what, nowadays, is an old-fashioned custom, i.e., luring a man into a date with you under the pretext of helping charity.

YOU consult your little black book of telephone numbers, but unfortunately it doesn't produce any satisfactory results.

For charity's sake

IN your younger days you were pretty smooth at appealing to a bloke's altruism on behalf of the Red Cross or Food for Babies, but it's been a long, long time . . .

You're spared the ordeal, anyway. A female voice, loaded with suspicion, says, "Roger isn't home, and who is calling, please?" You're doggoned if that's his mother.

Some warning instinct prompts you to stutter that you represent the Gallup Poll or some such. You ring off breathing heavily and cursing the housing shortage, which demands men take their brides home to join the family.

Well, if Roger is married (and with his Bachelor Gay complex!) you might as well scrub the others off. This you do, gloomily.

There's nothing for it, but to develop the 15th bout of chronic influenza to hit you this season.

Merrily humming a little tune next morning, you skip to answer the phone, mentally cancelling out impossibles and throwing up a couple of prayers that it'll be one of the possibles of your social paratroopers.

No intuition warns you as you pipe a blithe "Hello?" in the accursed instrument.

Even when Maude asks concernedly, "How are you, dear?" you dumbly answer, "Oh, fine, just fine! Never felt better . . ."

It takes some heavy sarcasm to remind you that last night mother was on the point of calling the doctor, you felt so bad.

You retreat from the chill, red in the face and mumbling confused phrases of self-vilification which don't help at all.

But it cheers you to reflect that, anyway, they'll think you a gay dog, and not a back number in your old hometown.

Albeit, such incident puts the spirit of endeavor into you. You decide to join a club.

Clubs aren't what they used to be, either. If any man stays talking with you longer than the prescribed two seconds for politeness, some grim-lipped wench sidles up and joins in.

Before you know it, you're left holding a plate of home-made cakes and looking round vaguely for someone to feed them to.

And the man is sitting snugly between two triumphant girls at least five years younger than yourself. Inky schoolgirls you left behind have let no grass grow under their feet.

Men who join clubs are either downy about the upper lip or creaking at the joints. And it doesn't matter, anyway, because the other girls have 'em all corralled.

There lurks a dismal suspicion that the 10 per cent. of superfluous womanhood the Press has been hinting about (and you laughingly dismissed, you goop!) might, after all, mean you.

You don't ask for much . . . you just wistfully think that darn old Fate might have kept a few of the old push around and toofin' until you got back to claim your own. Just a couple of old reliables so you could hold your head up with the other girls and help to send Food to Britain . . .

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SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

By ELIZABETH WYE

FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT JAMES FERRIS, Stonebrook's hero, had returned from achievement abroad to an important staff post at home, and the town buzzed with it.

The local paper featured the decorations he had received and the honors his home town had heaped on him. But to Sarah Hadley, sitting in a car in front of the post-office and catching her first glimpse of him for years, he was still Jim Ferris, the town's No. 1 bad boy and prize philanderer.

He was leaner and browner, but she would have known him anywhere, any time. She would have known that slightly crooked nose, those sceptical grey eyes. But she refused to acknowledge the quickening of her heart as he walked toward her. She hardened herself to his old familiar "so-what?" smile.

"He should have been given a citation by the 'Coach and Horse,'" she had told her friends flippantly. The remark had fallen cold. The town of Stonebrook had a short memory, it seemed. Only Sarah's memory was in good working order.

She could still see the dusty blackboard, the scarred desks, the red geraniums on the window-sill. She remembered watching with horror-stricken awe as Jim Ferris fended off the slap that Miss Hoggins was trying to administer, and the way she had jumped when the flower-pots hit the floor. It was Sarah who was appointed monitor while Miss Hoggins marched Jim by the ear to the principal's office.

She recalled with ease another return of Jim Ferris, not quite so triumphal. That time he had been expelled from college for instigating a riot.

How bold, how terrible, how magnificent Jim Ferris had seemed to her as a child. Sarah never spoke to him, of course. She managed to get all the way through school, sitting in the same rooms, walking the same corridors, without exchanging a word. It was much later that she spoke to him, and she was old enough then to know that Jim Ferris was not magnificent at all, but worthless.

She reminded herself of that once more, as he stopped beside the car. He was worthless. "I hear you're home," she said lightly. "Welcome."

Jim leaned on the door with an unabashed smile. "Going to tell me what was in all those letters I didn't receive?"

"How careless. Must have forgotten to post them," Sarah murmured.

He lifted her tanned left hand from the wheel. "Still single, too. Poor Ted Watson."

Sarah slid her hand smoothly out of his, but a tingle remained to travel up her arm, down her spine, and suddenly she was angry that he could make her feel this way. "I thought you expected me to wait for you," she said with unmistakable ridicule.

Jim's smile stayed even. He had always been a hard man to insult. "You sweet thing. I knew you'd be faithful."

Sarah's fingers fastened on the wheel with sudden tension. She asked with an odd feeling of suspense: "Have you large plans for the postwar world?"

"Maybe. Would it surprise you if I became a solid citizen?"

She shied away from the mere suggestion. "Very much."

"Licked before I start, in other words."

The war, thought Sarah resentfully, had wrenched some men away from promising futures, from everything that was good and dear. It had nearly ruined the Hadleys, scattering two of Sarah's brothers, taking the life of a third, and, indirectly, that of her father. You couldn't say that of Jim Ferris. The war had been his release and his opportunity . . . Yet perhaps she was being unfair. Surely he should be given credit for acquitting himself so well.

"Far from being licked," she said, "you're right on the top." She finished the sentence in her mind: "For the moment only."

His tone was unreadable. He might have meant everything or nothing. "I mean, with you."

Sarah snapped on the ignition. "May I give you a lift?"

She was glad she was in the expensive car, even though it had only been lent to her by Barbara Sherman. It would show Jim that she was still the Judge's daughter, capable of obtaining these luxuries to which she had been born.

He came swiftly around the car and slid in beside her with a knowing grin. "Mustn't get out of practice cadging lifts from my rich girl-friends, must I?"

"Not so rich now—in many ways."

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "It was tough about Harry. And the Judge, too. He was a grand chap."

Well, perhaps he was sorry, Sarah thought wryly. But he hadn't considered the Judge such a grand chap the night the Judge had practically thrown him out of the house. The mere sight of Jim lounging in the library awaiting Sarah's appearance had infuriated her father. His concern had been quite unnecessary, thought Sarah, for she had known what she was doing. Oh, perfectly! Just a spring holiday when her friends in other schools weren't having holidays. That, and a quarrel with Ted Watson, who was kind and sensible and well-bred and boring, and eminently suitable as a husband . . .

As they skimmed down the street Sarah's thoughts leaped ahead to the main highroad, to the "Coach and Horse" and other places favored by the young men in prewar years.

She had been to the "Coach and Horse" with Harry that night, Sarah thought, with a lurch of her heart. She had perched on a stool with her brother on one side and Jim Ferris on the other. And before she knew it she was talking with Jim as if they had met socially every day of those years in which they had never even seemed to see each other.

He was in between odd jobs, and he didn't have a cent of his own the night he proposed marriage to Sarah.

It was a night that stirred vague, uncomfortable yearnings, that at once elated and saddened. Sarah had a feeling, as the stars wheeled over, that she was living for the moment on an island that had no bridge to the mainland of her experience.

Then Jim stopped the car by a dim, white bridge and spoke quietly out of the darkness: "I don't suppose that you would consider marrying me, would you?"

Sarah's eyes turned to the dark blur that was his head and shoulders. "Why, no," she said. "I don't believe I would." Then, because she wanted to be kind, she added, "I'm practically engaged to someone else."

Jim accepted the statement as if the question and its answer had been routine. He asked nothing further.

"Let's throw pebbles in the brook," he said quickly.

Laughing, they raced each other to the bridge and leaned on the rail. Down below, the restless murmuring of the water gave voice to the unbidden restlessness in Sarah's heart. A feeling of detachment began to creep over her again.

Then she heard Jim say, "Do you think either of us could forget, just for a moment, who we are?"

Sarah gave a little start and swayed toward him. She didn't know how it happened, but suddenly she was in his arms. His lips were warm and compelling upon hers. Her hands crept to his shoulders, to his face. Recklessly, she threw herself into that wild, strong current and let it carry her along . . . It was Jim who pulled away. Slowly the world righted itself and Sarah felt a sick disgust for her own weakness.

"Not such a good idea after all, was it?" Jim said.

No, they wouldn't see each other again, she determined, if Sarah Hadley had anything to say about it. She had nothing to say, as it turned out.

. . . . . .

Jim Ferris had gone into the Air Force and, so the records said, done a good job. Did that make him any different, Sarah asked herself now, from the man who had gone away?

The car shot past the red brick house, with its blue door and shiny brass knocker, that had belonged to Judge Hadley. Sarah waved as she went by, in case her mother was watching for her.

"So the Hadleys are still at home in the same place," murmured Jim. "You don't seem to have suffered financially. I'm glad, Sarah."

Sarah said, "Not that it matters, but we don't own the house any more. We rent it."

"Rent it? Do you need a house as big as that if you're renting?"

Please turn to page 4

"Are you going to let him tell you what to do?" Sherman asked Sarah warningly.

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6.6

Sing For Your Supper

Continued from page 3

RATHER coolly, Sarah said: "Mother wants to keep it just as it was."

"How do you manage?" she heard Jim say.

"Quite well," she answered stiffly. "I play the piano in the kindergarten each morning." She noticed the puzzled crease on Jim's forehead. Well, perhaps the factories did pay rather better. But what of her hands, her own music? And the Shermans were so generous with their attentions that she hadn't had to face the necessity of a full-time job. She wanted desperately to keep things as they had been—for her mother's sake and her brothers'.

"Can't we stop and say hello to your mother?" Jim asked.

Sarah shot him a quick, guarded look, and then obediently turned the car. Her mother would be glad to see him, she realised, because he had been in the Service, and she had two sons still with the Navy overseas and had lost another.

Sarah led Jim into the music-room, where a fire was crackling cheerfully.

"Mother," she called. "We have a visitor."

Mrs. Hadley entered the room with an almost pathetic air of expectancy. Her pleasure did not diminish when she saw Jim. She had been a slender, golden, graceful woman, Sarah thought with a pang. Now, all Sarah's love and devotion was not enough to keep the loneliness from her mother's eyes nor the lines of anxiety from her forehead. Yet Jim Ferris had only to step into the house to bring the light back into her mother's face.

At a loss, Sarah dropped on to the piano bench, as Jim and Mrs. Hadley sat down together before the fire, completely absorbed in each other. Not by a flicker of an eyelash did Jim ever reveal that he had never had anything in common with Mrs. Hadley's sons.

Sarah stared at him wonderingly. His glance turned on her and a warm flush betrayed her. The telephone rang and she jumped up thankfully.

"That must be Mrs. Sherman," said her mother. "I think she wants the car back."

As Sarah hurried from the room her mother's voice followed her. Mrs. Hadley was explaining, Sarah realised with amazement, explaining her—Sarah Hadley—to Jim Ferris:

"New people in town . . . the Shermans . . . Don't quite know what Sarah sees in them, but they are our landlords, and, of course, we try to be pleasant."

Sarah's hand was trembling as she picked up the telephone. Mrs. Hadley confiding in Jim Ferris, implying criticism of Sarah! The world was certainly topsy-turvy!

"Darling!" It was Mrs. Sherman. "I hate to trouble you for the car, but Rex has the coupe and I've errands to do for to-night."

"I'll be right over with the car."

"Wait a sec, darling. You know Jim Ferris, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd hardly say that."

"Yes, you do. And you've got to bring him to-night. I must have him."

Sarah's palms went damp. "But, Barbara, I'm sure he must have made other plans."

"But he's got to come to my dinner. I know it's late, but I didn't hear until to-day that you knew him, and I had no other mutual friend."

"I'll see what I can do," said Sarah in a strained voice.

She couldn't let Barbara down after all the Shermans had done for her, but she hated to ask Jim Ferris. She didn't want him to think that she was—well, sufficiently interested. Or wasn't there more to it than that? Wasn't she afraid to have him meet Rex Sherman?

Sarah shook herself angrily. There was nothing wrong with Rex. He was simply the hearty and bluff type who wanted a little fun.

She forced herself back toward the music-room.

"I have to take the car back," she said abruptly. "Shall I run you home now, Jim?"

"Oh, I'll walk," he said. His look was forthright. "I didn't realise it wasn't your car."

"I use it only for heavy shopping," Sarah said coldly. "Barbara wants me to."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hadley unexpectedly. "It makes her feel good to have it to lend. But you don't have to do all the shopping, Sarah. I'm perfectly capable of doing my share. And as for this cleaning woman Mrs. Sherman sent over. Are you sure we can afford it?"

"Of course," Sarah said angrily. She turned to Jim and said, "Barbara Sherman is giving a dinner before the dance to-night and has asked me to bring you."

The muscles of Jim's brown face were still, but one long hand suddenly gripped his knee. "I did have another engagement."

"I thought perhaps you might have," Sarah said smoothly, and waited. She felt his eyes searching her face, but she gave back nothing.

"Perhaps I can manage it," he said.

"Fine," said Sarah, without warmth. She had accomplished what Barbara had asked, but she had no intention of letting Jim believe it had been her desire. "Shall I call for you then?" she asked, with deliberate malice.

The color crept on to his burnt face. "No," he said evenly. "I'll call for you."

"Seven. Good-bye, Mother." Sarah's eyes dropped before the reproach in her mother's face. She went out swiftly . . .

She was still rebellious as she dressed that night. This room had always been hers. Again and again she had tried to see her lovely mahogany furniture in another setting. Her imagination was not equal to it.

"New dress, dear?" asked her mother, coming in.

"Yes," said Sarah, actually looking at herself in the pier glass at last. "Yes."

"Where did you get a dress like that here?"

Sarah said offhandedly, "Barbara picked it up in New York, and it was too small in the waist after she'd had a big lunch, and it just fitted me."

"How lucky," Mrs. Hadley said, smiling. "Did it cost much?"

"Barbara wouldn't take anything for it."

A frown dug into Mrs. Hadley's forehead. "Are you really very fond of Mrs. Sherman? She's never seemed quite like your other friends. And I must say I don't care for Mr. Sherman at all."

"Barbara's all right," Sarah said briefly. She whirled and patted her mother's cheek affectionately. "Besides, Ted's mother and father will be there to-night."

"They will? I didn't know the Shermans knew the Watsons."

"Rex Sherman wanted to meet them, so I . . ." She stopped sharply. "Mother . . ." Her voice stumbled a little.

Mrs. Hadley shook her head and rose. "I suppose you know what you think you're doing. Remember me to Ted's mother. And tell Jim I enjoyed his visit so much . . ."

When Jim called for Sarah in a taxi, the piquant experience of being taken somewhere at Jim Ferris' expense was crowded out by the acute consciousness of his hard shoulder against hers.

"Aren't you going to tell me something about my host and hostess?" Jim asked.

"The Shermans are new in town," she said hurriedly. "They've been here a year or more. Rex bought up some good farm properties and combined them. He unintentionally antagonised the smaller farmers round here, and he was a little high-handed with the businessmen. Now he realises that he—— Well, he's had a change of heart."

"His pocketbook wasn't affected, I suppose," said Jim dryly. Sarah didn't reply.

Jim handed her out of the cab and guided her up the broad steps of the large Sherman house. His hand tightened on her arm, and involuntarily she raised her eyes to his.

Please turn to page 25

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

BY T. S. WINSLOW

YESTERDAY at the Barnetts' cocktail party, I saw Elsa Valle. Still young and lovely and exotic-looking. Almost as young-looking as she was the first time I ever saw her; almost as young as she had looked that night . . .

But why shouldn't she look young and beautiful? She isn't old, actually, and she has everything—all those magic qualities that are supposed to stave off old age: money, a young daughter, a lovely home, a husband who adores her.

Dora Barnett rushed up; began to introduce us. "You must know each other. Two of my dearest friends!"

I wondered that Dora—scatter-brained though she is—didn't remember. Funny! How quickly people forget things—even things that were plastered all over the front pages of the newspapers.

"But we do know each other!" Elsa smiled that slow, sweet smile of hers that has the power still to hurt me.

"Of course we do!" I said. And Dora beamed.

"I needn't ask you how you are," Elsa said. "You're looking simply wonderful."

"I haven't anything to complain about," I said inadequately.

"How is your husband?"

"He's very well," I answered, speaking in faltering schoolgirl tones, which is odd considering how well I know—well, how well I once knew Elsa Valle.

"How is your husband?" I managed to ask, "and Barbara?"

"They are both splendid. Barbara is growing so tall. I'd love you to see her."

We stood and chatted of unimportant things, like two people meeting casually for the first time. Then other people drifted up and we were separated. We will meet again perhaps some other day when someone will bring us momentarily together. And not a soul will remember—not anyone but Elsa and me.

I could not help wondering what Elsa was really thinking. Was she wondering what I was thinking, too? I can imagine what must have been going through her mind. But surely she could not know what I—— But what did she know? Not everything! For wasn't I the only one who really knew what happened?

. . . . . .

Elsa and I first met when we were in the chorus at a second-rate night-club. We liked each other on sight and because of that and of the wish to make our money spin out we shared a room in a dingy hotel.

The people in that chorus were either very young or very old. On their way up or down. We were very young.

Elsa, with her straight, tawny hair, was beautiful. She stood apart from everyone else, with a kind of exotic aura. She had a curious brooding quality, as if she knew things. As a matter of fact, even in those days Elsa did know instinctively a lot of things some people never learn, and a lot of things she should not have known or believed.

Her outlook on life was no doubt the result of a tragic childhood, with a drunken father who had ill-treated her and her mother and finally deserted them. That had given her some of her ideas about men — about the loyalty you did or did not owe them. She believed that if you got ahead you did it by yourself.

We graduated to a better show, and to two rooms in a slightly better hotel. Then Elsa got a small part and I was in the chorus of one of the biggest hits in town.

"Now we'll meet men with money," Elsa said.

We met them, all right. But they weren't at all what we'd been led to expect from the stories we'd heard about the theatre. We had admirers—but they didn't offer us what we were looking for.

We both had our emotional experiences and our emotional crises. Elsa thought she'd found her man a couple of times—but he proved either not to have money or not to want her badly enough. I went to Chicago with the show. There, I felt for a brief moment that I'd almost trapped my man, but nothing came of it. I was nursing bruised pride and a broken heart when Elsa's letter came.

I want you to be the first to know (she wrote in her usual uninspired style). I was married yesterday to Drew Richardson. His father owns all of Richardson, Inc., all except a bit that Drew has managed to get hold of. We are going to live on his part of the family estate in Kentucky for a while, anyhow. I've known him for a week. I have the most beautiful diamond you ever saw, and a new watch and two diamond bracelets, and to-morrow I'm going shopping. I wish you were here.

Elsa married to a millionaire! Well, she had always said she wouldn't marry for less. A lot of girls compromise when they fall in love, but I'd felt all along that Elsa knew her own mind. I just hadn't been sure any millionaire would have a mind that agreed with her.

When the show closed, I went back to New York. I had just begun to look round for a new job when Elsa's letter came, including a ticket to Richardsonville. Of course I caught the first train.

ELSA'S letters had not done justice to Hilltop, her home. Its setting, its luxuriousness, in fact everything about it, was beyond anything I had ever dreamed of. It was a huge, old-fashioned house with every modern comfort and designed for entertaining. Elsa and Drew had a suite in the right wing—a small sitting-room which they shared, a bedroom and bath for each of them, with doors from the bedrooms direct to the central hall.

I'm rambling on about the house, and haven't said a word about Drew. But if you'd seen him you'd understand. A pale, insignificant-looking man who faded into the background. Everything round him seemed so much more important than he was.

He must have been crazy about Elsa, or else he would not have married her—not with his background, his code, his family so much to the fore. And Elsa? Well, if I hadn't known Elsa I'd have imagined she was in love with Drew.

I had a great time. I'd never lived in such luxury in my life, and enjoyed the carefree routine of entertaining, the riding-parties, swimming, bridge, even the village picture show. I met some nice people, rather slow and stolid, but young enough to enjoy whatever was going. But Elsa?

"Are you going to live here all the year round?" I asked her one day.

"Good gracious, no! I'd go crazy!" she said. "It's all I can do to stand it now."

"I thought you were having fun."

"Oh, I am, in a way." She was being a great lady and very elegant now. "But Drew says that when cold weather comes we'll take a suite at the Ritz or the Waldorf in New York and stay there the whole winter." Suddenly she changed, became herself again. "Won't we have fun! Trailing round to night-clubs like mad, and spending all the money we want to!"

I went back to New York and got a job in a show and worked hard. I fell in and out of love, but I wasn't serious about anyone when Elsa and Drew came to New York.

As Elsa had planned, they took an elaborate suite at the Waldorf.

They gave parties nearly every night. And during the daytime Elsa went shopping, buying a thousand things she didn't need.

She was generous, too. I got my share of some lovely clothes.

"This is *something* like it," said Elsa. "I would have gone crazy back in that dear old homestead."

"Don't you have to return?"

"Oh, yes. But I'll make this last as long as I can. How I hate those dumb bunnies!"

"They seemed very nice——" I began.

"Oh sure, for two weeks! When you've got a return ticket in your pocket."

"Oh, it isn't that bad!"

"It's worse! If somebody isn't murdered—— But here I am in New York! I don't want to talk about anything else."

Drew went back to Richardsonville—his father telephoned for him—and Elsa stayed on. There was no special man that Elsa liked in New York. Of that I'm sure.

And then Drew returned to New York, and it was time for her to go back to Richardsonville with him.

I missed Elsa and the luxury her visit had brought me.

The weather grew warm. My show closed. I was wondering whether to look for a summer show or go away for a couple of weeks when Elsa's invitation came.

"I'm crazy to have you," she wrote. "I'm asking the Blackburns, too. She was Phyllis Taylor, who was in a show with me; he's an architect, and is going to do things to the house."

There was a cheque for a ticket and for clothes.

The place looked just the same. Luxurious and opulent, and with a curious sense of standing still, of defying time.

But things weren't the same! I soon found that out. Drew was the same, colorless and a trifle petulant. The house and the town, the country club and the people. But Elsa had changed! There was a new man. And she was in love! The man was Jeff Tregar. He'd come down as manager for a part of the Richardson factories.

It took me only a couple of days to find out. I felt, then, as if I were on the edge of a volcano. Gone was all the peace and quiet luxury of the big house. Instead, I could see only Elsa, restless as a tiger, watching Drew, watching Jeff, waiting. And I didn't know what she was waiting for or what she wanted to do!

I knew Elsa wouldn't give up all this—the luxury, the money, her position as Drew's wife—to marry Jeff Tregar. Nor, I felt, would she jeopardise everything by having an affair with Jeff. But there she was, only half awake except when Jeff was around; waiting for the moments when she could be with him.

If the Blackburns saw, they acted with excellent diplomacy.

Please turn to page 28

Followed by Drew, I stole quietly down the stairs.

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Cheers for the New True Kayser Sheers

Proudly presenting "Gaiety"

a TRUE fully fashioned SHEER by

KAYSER

For the socially gayest time of year just when truly smart frocking is returning, comes again the pre-war pleasure of fully-fashioned Kayser sheers, with that gossamer-like appearance you've been waiting for so long!

By their fastidious fit and sheer beauty, Kayser "Gaieties" add that final gracious touch of distinction to your attire.

Look for Kayser "Gaiety" Sheers, in three new shades to suit all occasions:-

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an exquisite beige winter tone to match latest seasonal frockings.

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a subtle soft grey toning so especially smart for black frocking.

Gossip

a new fawnish brown to tone with lighter frocks — an excellent utility shade.

KAYSER LINGERIE...HOSIERY...GLOVES

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Land of the TORREONES

Mike lay still and tense, as the sentinel sloshed past him in the dark.

By C. BUDINGTON KELLAND

DISASTER overtakes two rival parties as they try to beat each other to a rich find of molybdenite in wild Arizona country.

The first party, financed by MR. BOBBS, and led by the young archaeologist MIKE BRONSON, has as its chief members KELSEY BOBBS, Mr. Bobbs' beautiful daughter; BIG-NOSE KELLY, who reported the find; LINK POVAH, an old prospector; JACK MAXWELL; and RUPERT CAVENDISH, known as the LIMEY.

The other party is led by PETE SKILLMAN. They trail each other, various clashes occurring including one in which Mike, to everyone's surprise, completely intimidates THOMPSON, Skillman's burliest henchman.

Eventually, both parties reach the scene of the find, identified by the presence of stone towers or torreones—relics of ancient civilisation, far more interesting to Mike than the prospect of the ore.

Here, however, the Limey reveals himself as VON STEUBEN, escaped German prisoner of war. Calling up a ragged band of his countrymen, whom he has secretly led in the wake of the expeditions, he makes first Bobbs' party and then Skillman's prisoners.

Now read on:

IT was an internment camp divided against itself. On one side of the little plateau was the party of Mike Bronson, with such equipment as Von Steuben had left for their comfort; on the other side, fifty yards away, was the party of Pete Skillman.

Between them was a deadline up and down which paced two Nazi guards with guns over their shoulders. Communication was forbidden. Because the numbers of the imprisoned Americans and Germans were now almost equal, Von Steuben redoubled his precautions and vigilance.

Since the bedraggled appearance of Skillman and his men, no word had been permitted to pass between him and Mike Bronson, and what looks had been exchanged by the two parties had been black looks.

It was characteristic that Von Steuben must come to boast, to demonstrate himself a superman.

"You see," he said blandly, preening his immaculate person before Kelsey Bobbs' eyes, "the superior man cannot be defeated. I escape from your prison camp with my men. We are empty-handed. We traverse immense distances in a country which would daunt men of any other race. We supply and equip ourselves."

Vanity swelled with him. "The story will be repeated by Germans as yet unborn; it will be a glorious chapter in our history. What is one war? Another war in 20 years. Another leader."

"So," said Mike thoughtfully, "you're building up a record on which to campaign for the job."

"Not a mean ambition," answered Von Steuben. "In this smaller matter, I think of everything. Who but I would have conceived the plan of equipping himself at the expense of your expedition? Who would have made his plan perfect by capturing the Skillman party with its horses and supplies and weapons? Now every man has a mount. There is ample food and there are pack horses and ammunition. You thought you were evading your pursuers. I saw to it that your trail was easy to follow."

"Smart!" admired Mike. "So you lured Skillman along and jumped him when the time was ripe."

"Precisely," answered Von Steuben. "Now, in safety, we recuperate our powers."

Mike fumbled in his pocket uncertainly and lifted his face to Von Steuben. "There's a point," he said, "that worries me."

"What is the point?"

"Well," said Mike, "you—er—requisitioned our food and equipment. You will not think it wise to encumber yourself with prisoners on your march. What is to become of us when you move on? Will you leave us sufficient food?"

"I believe you have invented a word that covers the situation," Von Steuben said icily. "You are expendable."

"I suppose so," Mike said. "I'd rather guessed you might consider us so. But Miss Bobbs. Is she also expendable?"

"Miss Bobbs," said Von Steuben blandly, "will be given an option."

"Such," asked Mike, "as what?"

"To remain with you and possibly suffer certain discomforts, or to accompany me."

"Like that, is it?"

"Like that," said Von Steuben.

He turned on his heel in stiff military manner and strode away to the tent that he had appropriated as his headquarters. Mike peered after him with an expression that was more studious than anything else; the look of a scientist who is interested in the behaviour of some strange, unclassified piece of fauna.

Kelsey came out of her tent, the only one that had not been taken away from the expedition, and stood outlined against the skyline. Mike peered at her in a studious, blinking sort of way. She wore no hat and her hair formed a nimbus about her finely shaped head. She was pleasing to his eye in spite of the two black discs that disfigured her face.

He continued to stare at her without realising how much he was enjoying himself, nor was he aware that she was conscious of his scrutiny until she crossed the intervening space and spoke.

"Maybe," she said, "if you stuck a pin through me and fastened me to a board, you would be able to study me more efficiently."

He was embarrassed. "I—er—it is a habit with me to study things that interest me. I did not mean to be offensive."

"If," she said, "you think it is offensive to a girl to have a man stare at her with admiration, then you're a button short. It was admiration, wasn't it?" She smiled crookedly. "What was the Limey orating about?"

"A type," he said. "He represents what you might call the Nazi norm. Most of the big trouble in the world is caused by people overestimating their own capacities and underestimating the qualities of their antagonists."

"You," she said, "certainly don't overestimate yours."

"I try," he said, "to judge them correctly, in order not to attempt to do a thing that can't be done. When I set out to do a thing, I prefer to have proved to myself that I can do it."

"Hence," she said, "you are doing nothing to get us out of this predicament."

"Now you," he said, "are guilty of understatement. The thing we are in is not a predicament."

Her body tensed. "As bad as that?"

"As bad as that."

Before he could say anything further, heavy rain began to fall Kelsey sought the shelter of her tent, where she crouched in discomfort beside her father. Rivulets of water trickled under the edge of the tent, wind shook the fabric.

"Dad," she said between chattering teeth, "I got you into this. I'm so sorry."

Bobbs patted her shoulder. "We take what comes," he said grimly. "We'll take it standing up."

She put her head upon his shoulder and pressed close to him as if she were a little girl afraid in the dark. His arm went about her consolingly, and after a long time she went to sleep.

Mike Bronson sat, back pressed against the flat face of a huge rock, seeking such shelter as it afforded. In his mind he was drawing a map of the little plateau, placing each tent, each object, estimating distances.

Please turn to page 30

Make your hands lovely with Cutex

The polish that wears, gleams, and is easiest to apply—and select the shades that are right for you.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

When you conspire with Cupid . . .

Accentuate your loveliness . . .

WHEN you plot with Cupid to beguile an elusive heart, how important it is to enlist the aid of Yardley's beauty things. For a fresh young skin-tone, for example, you should always use Yardley Astringent Skin Tonic—a lotion that helps maintain youthful contours in face and throat. Like "Bond Street" Complexion Powder, Yardley Lipstick and every other Yardley product, it is designed, blended and perfected to . . . accentuate your loveliness.

Yardley Astringent Skin Tonic . . . 6/4

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Fashion Globe-trot

Contact!

Your Wool News Reporter takes off to bring you the latest, newest styles and trends from the 1946 collections shown in Paris, London and New York.

And here is a preview of things to come . . . a page of pointers for this season and next . . .

London

From London comes this city-bred suit . . . a perfect example of tailoring in the Creed or Digby Morton manner. The clever use of the stripes shows that the designer prefers to "cut his coat according to his cloth." Note the cigarette slim skirt topped by a waist-whittling corselette, and the hip-bone jacket . . . definitely a suit to remember.

New York

New York contributed this double breasted reefer made from pale blue wool, highlighted by wine-red facings. A trim little coat this, but not wanting for fashion features . . . see that hand span waist emphasised by the angle at which the hip-rounding pockets are set.

Paris

A boxy jacket is taking pride of place in the wardrobes of smart Parisiennes. The one illustrated is in cinnamon brown wool but it could just as well have been lined with lambskin or a gay, warming plaid as with a speckled herringbone tweed.

New Fabrics

Wool leads the fashion field so gay. Ecstatic over the versatility of the new wools, inspired by their variety of weaves and textures, the world's couturiers fashion all kinds of clothes from them—clothes for day-time and night-time, for summer and winter.

Handbags

Wool fabric handbags, capacious and pouchy, strike a new note in accessories. Made to match the tweed of your coat, the worsted of your suit or dress, some of them are teamed with leather or suede. Rhovis of London has a passion for them, features them wherever possible.

Colour combinations from the couturiers' palettes . . .

Raspberry Pink with Black
Canary with Grey
Royal Blue with Mossy Green

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board.

6523.

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THE SCENT of HONEYSUCKLE

By MARGOT NEVILLE

As he got out at the small country station on that breathless summer afternoon, Glyn Russell began to wonder if he hadn't made a mistake in asking Lilia to meet him here.

Hadn't he been rather crazy to imagine that to lure her from town to an old farm house and kiss her in a field of daisies was going to make her come over all soft and yielding, and ready to fall into his arms?

Put bluntly—and knowing Lilia—it didn't sound likely.

The idea had come to him this morning when he had strolled out on to the park and had seen that the day was going to be one of complete perfection.

Get Lilia away from the crowd, he had thought, down to the Mead Farm on this lovely May day in that field girdled with honeysuckle . . . surely, he had thought, the impact of such sheer unsophisticated beauty would speak to her with a new meaning. Surely that spell-binding place would work for him. That its spell was potent he well knew.

He had only been there himself once, six years ago, but all through those years of death and destruction the picture of it had stayed at the back of his mind, a symbol of enchanted peace and healing permanence, a place of secret loveliness in a world where all secrets were exploded, from the atom bomb to the guile in the other fellow's mind.

So this morning, filled with this big notion, he had gone into a telephone booth and suggested going down there to Lilia. He had put it to her rather casually so as not to let her think it meant too much to him. The farm was less than an hour from town, he had told her, and there would be a taxi at the station to take her the mile on from there. He himself was going down a bit earlier to stroll round.

To his surprise Lilia had accepted the invitation, somewhat coolly, it's true, but indulgent to his whimsy. Then he had sent a telegram to Mrs. Shelton at the farm and stepped out into the street, feeling fine, almost exhilarated—a new sensation these days.

Now, only a few hours later, he laughed at himself for his kid fantasy as he turned up the road leaving the station building behind and seeing the train twisting away across the neatly patterned countryside.

The silence from the fields around swelled up to welcome him. He dawdled along past the group of sleepy shops, over the green with its pollarded willows, and by the squat-towered church.

All very nice, but hardly Lilia's cup of tea. Mayfair was all the diversion she needed. Noise and endless talk in crowded flats and studios. Or at the "Red Horse," that exclusive pub where clever people met to tell each other—while nobody listened—how to set the world's problems right. Now and then, if he were lucky, he might snatch a moment alone with her, in a taxi or somewhere, but if he asked for anything more definite she just smiled that mean-nothing smile of hers, putting him off.

Thinking of Lilia now Glyn sighed and squared his shoulders. Oh well . . . why worry to-day. Enjoy this. Enjoy the moment, he told himself.

The silence held like a spell as he came up the lane to the farm and stood at the gate looking in. His face relaxed and a wave of pleasure swept over him as he saw again the rambling old building under its roof of tawny thatch, the garden blooming, the hedges and fruit trees sunk low in their leaf. And all as he remembered it.

He opened the gate and walked up the brick path. There was no one about. The casement windows didn't seem to take any count of him. They had seen so much, those windows; the suns and frosts of close on four centuries, four hundred years of England's soldiers coming back from her wars.

With oddly expectant pulses Glyn lifted the knocker and knocked.

He stood a moment waiting. No one came, just the silence, like a deep stream, flowing round him.

Then a gate clicked at the side and he turned to find a girl coming toward him across the garden. She stopped at sight of him, flushing slightly, smiling.

He said quickly, "Oh, hullo . . . I . . . sent a wire to Mrs. Shelton this morning."

"I know. You're Glyn Russell."

"Yes, that's me. I was a bit nervous afterwards that she mightn't remember me. Might wonder who the devil I was."

"Certainly not. She remembered you perfectly. I'm Catherine Shelton, her niece."

He stood aside as she opened the door and went ahead of him through the narrow doorway and into the sitting-room beyond.

Catherine went over and put down the gardening basket she was carrying. She was saying: "My aunt was sorry not to be here when you arrived. If she had known earlier . . . but she had promised to go to a fete at the Hall. And meanwhile she told me to look after you."

He grinned. "Thanks. I'll try not to be a nuisance. Didn't you want to go to the fete, too?"

"Not really. You were a good excuse to keep me at home."

"Fine. I'm glad I'm some use."

His eyes were still unaccustomed to the dimness, but he felt deep down in himself rather than saw the quality of her loveliness.

He turned away from his glance at her. He said: "I was hoping it would all look the same. And it does, too, just as I remember it."

"Yes, things here have got their pattern. They stay like that."

He glanced round at the low-ceilinged room. It was all acutely satisfying to him like a dream recovered. But maybe this was the reality after all, and now, having seen it again, the rest between would become the dream, mercifully fading out . . . Those nights of fire over flaming cities, the long-drawn suspense, the pain . . .

He said slowly: "Such a lot has happened since I was here. It was six years ago. You weren't here then. Why, you can only have been a kid."

"Not much more. Fifteen. I was at school. I came to help with the farm when my cousin went into the Army."

"Like farming?"

"Love it!"

They smiled at each other suddenly for no particular reason, standing together by the sunny window.

Please turn to page 35

"It must have been second sight," he said, "that made me plan to come back."

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Created for your Approval

By an exclusive designer, a thrilling hat in deep navy, with a cluster of cyclamen and pink roses and soft cyclamen veiling.

By Cashmere Bouquet, the most thrilling face powder to complement your loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is blended in such subtle shades, which harmonize perfectly with your colouring and ensembles. It is so superfine, yet clings so dependably. And it has the romantic, old-world fragrance that is truly unforgettable!

Cashmere Bouquet

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BRILLIANT LONDON on Victory night. Fireworks made ribbons of color on the surface of the Thames under its ancient bridges. Color photo specially taken for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON'S BRIGHTEST LIGHTS

Victory Night Fireworks

LONDON blew up £15,000 in two hours on Victory night. Colored fireworks lit up the night sky against a background of hundreds of searchlights and the glow of illuminated buildings on both sides of the Thames.

The Royal Family travelled from Chelsea to the House of Commons in the Royal barge, and as they alighted a fanfare of trumpets was relayed on 500 loudspeakers. A salute of 41 guns followed.

Nineteen barges used in the Normandy landings sent up illuminated water sprays, and colored waterfalls spilled from specially built wooden bridges.

As the tide turned tons of colored foam were poured on to the Thames and rolled slowly downstream, turning the dingy old river into a froth of gay color.

The two hours' spectacle ended at midnight with the firing of the largest firework in the world— a 25-inch shell which gave a 40,000 candle-power light when it exploded.

St. James' Park lake was filled to carry illuminated rafts and floats, and was floodlit.

Buildings that had been dark through the war years blazed again with lights as they did for the Coronation and King George V's Jubilee.

St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, and other historic buildings shone with a reassuring brightness for the 10,000,000 people who flocked to London from all over England.

Bombers from England's heroic Bomber Command flew through the beams of the searchlights, and London looked up at them—with pride instead of fear.

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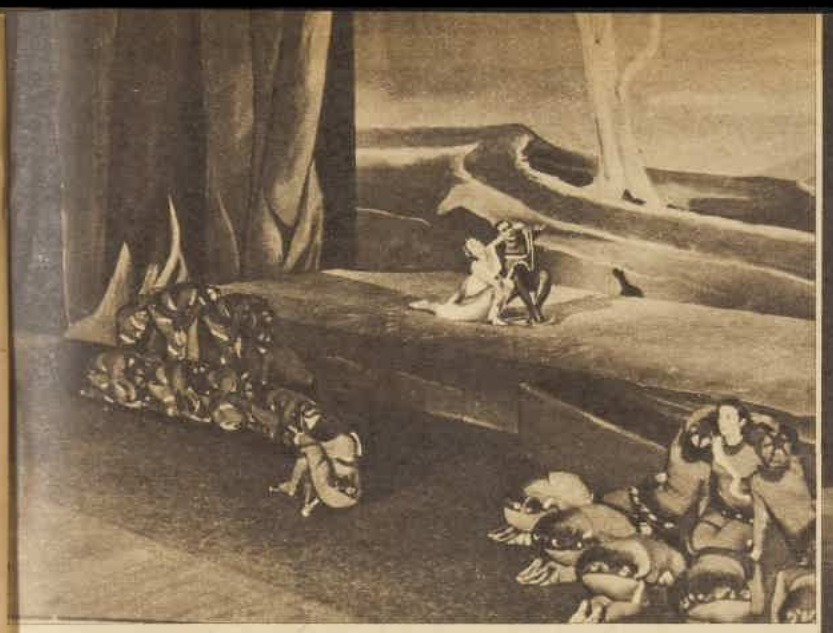

ABORIGINAL and Australia dance together, expressing their love, while on lower stage in front Earth and corps de ballet dance in earth-brown tunics to do honor to the unspoilt, virgin country, Australia, in new symbolic ballet, "Terra Australis."

THE EXPLORER arrives. Australia, afraid of him at first, is soon drawn to him. She comes out of hiding-place. They fall in love.

New Australian Ballet

INTERRUPTING their love-making, in despair, Aboriginal appeals to Australia not to let The Explorer shatter their happiness. She calms, soothes him with a lullaby.

THINKING himself rejected The Explorer turns brokenly away to face his loneliness and despair.

"TERRA AUSTRALIS" is a new Australian ballet, danced for the first time recently by the Borovansky Company at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne. With choreography by Edouard Borovansky, story by Tom Rothfield, music by Esther Rofe, and costumes and decor by Eve Harris, it tells the symbolic story of Australia, unspoilt and happy with her aboriginal race, being conquered by the explorer and finding new happiness in the new life.

AUSTRALIA has been duping Aboriginal. Once he sleeps she turns once more to The Explorer.

AWAKENING to realise the deception, Aboriginal fights The Explorer. Australia tries to part them; but Aboriginal falls mortally wounded. A tragic figure, he falls back into the arms of mourning Earth.

HAPPY in new love, Australia looks at dying Aboriginal tenderly and with yearning.

His Lifelong Friend from the day he arrives!

IN his diaper days he'll first appreciate its cool and antiseptic action to relieve chafing. A few years later he'll learn about it when he cuts a finger, or skins a toe, or has a cold or sore throat. Later still, when he becomes girl conscious, he'll realise what a pal LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC can be in guarding against unpleasant breath when non systemic. By the time he's twenty-one he'll keep this safe antiseptic handy — as a matter of course.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
For Countless Little Emergencies

HERE IS THE TRUTH ABOUT VITAMINS

Every man, woman and child needs more vitamins than the daily food supplies. As a leading physician recently pointed out. "You may be eating well but in reality starving yourself, yet the necessary vitamins can be had by the poor as easily as by the rich."

Why risk the dangers of vitamin starvation when a spoonful of Bemax added daily to the normal diet will ensure an adequate supply of essential vitamins? *There is no other way to obtain sufficient vitamins at so low a cost.*

No other tonic can do *all* that Bemax does, because *no other tonic is so rich in vitamins.* That is why Bemax is unequalled for that "below par" feeling and for building up buoyant health.

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The Richest Natural Vitamin Supplement

The 2/6 tin from Chemists and Stores lasts a month. Distributors: Fassett and Johnson, Ltd., 36-40 Chalmers St., Sydney.
(A Product of Vitamins, Ltd., London.)

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS
with Curlypet

Two generations of mothers have used Curlypet to curl and beautify their babies' hair, like this mother, who says: "You can see from the photo that baby's hair was quite straight at 2½ months, but now she has a head of lovely soft, silky curls that everyone admires." If you would like your baby's hair to grow beautifully curly, start rubbing Curlypet into baby's hair each morning.

Get a tube of Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store for 2/8, containing enough for a month's treatment and including full directions for use. If you are far from a Chemist or Store send postal note or stamps for 3/8 to Curlypet, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail. Remember the name

CURLYPET

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A SUMMER OF PLENTY
ERIK LANGKER

"A summer of Plenty"

WILL LAWSON, author of "When Cobb & Co. was King", "Old Man Murray", "The Lady of the Heather" "Forbidden Gold", "Black Diamonds", "Bill the Whaler" and other famous novels and verse collections.

There is nothing so beautiful under the sun as the play of the wind in a field of Australian wheat, bunching it with invisible hands, spreading it with ghostly fingers and with airy wings shaking it till it trembles in a vision of shimmering loveliness. In the rain, when moonlight silvers the quiet world, how heavy are the heads of grain with moisture gathered to run down golden stalks to the thirsty roots! So do Nature's alchemists, the sun and the wind and the rain, give to Vita-Weat its healthful riches, for Vita-Weat contains the golden goodness of the best Australian wheat.

Will Lawson

Vita-Weat Crispbread has all the body-building, energy-giving elements of the whole wheat, including bran and natural roughage. It is not fattening, and its crisp wheat flavour makes it a favourite addition to any meal.

Peek Frean's Vita-Weat

REG'D

The Nation's Crispbread

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TRUE to the outline-of-head edict, this stark and elegant hair-do is styled in head-encircling waves which give a backward flowing effect, clearly seen in these two pictures. The back hair is massed close in to the head, and topped with a few sculpture curls. Good for long or shortish hair.

FRONT AND BACK VIEWS of a head-hugging coiffure for those who won't have their hair cut, but still like the short hair look. The back hair is swept right across to one side, smooth from crown to nape, and mingled with the side waves, which leave just the ear-tip uncovered.

A TIGHT little helmet of hair, brushed sleekly back from forehead and ears to centre back, where it is firmly anchored. The cascade is then brushed over and under—rather like a pageboy, flat on the back of the head. Ideal for a medium-length bob.

About short hair . . .

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

THERE is a great to-do in hair styling circles about the 1946 revival of the short styles and cap coifs of the 'twenties.

Out of the welter of words and conjecture have come two clear-cut rules—the head shall be neat, and the outline well defined.

Easier to achieve, of course, if your hair is not too long or too thick, but even those coifs achieved with long hair are feeling the new influence and doing nip-ups and side-swings.

It seems our current and only-yesterday favorites are being relegated to the discard. Take the pompadour, for instance—out. The skinned-up clump of curls on top type—out. The long, flowing mane—out. The topknot—out.

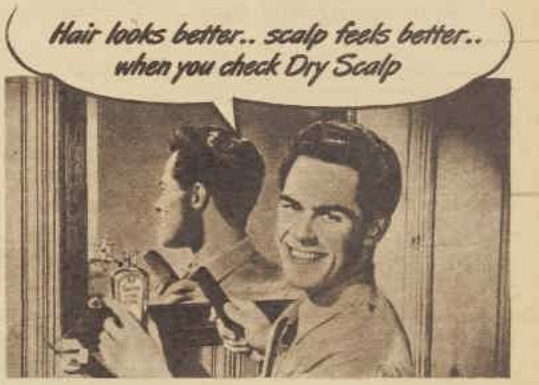
Instead, there is news in the short close-cap look, in the suave side-swing for longish hair, and the backward flowing waves of high fashion, with the hair massed on the back of the head.

Now, women love new hair-do's — on their friends, in magazines, or as a topic of conversation. On themselves—well, it might take a while to get used to the idea of short-cut hair again, which somehow seems so drastic at first suggestion.

To bear this out, the consensus of opinion among our own hair stylists seems to be that any change will be imperceptible. They say that Australian women are conservative in their acceptance of these sudden bombshells, preferring to "wait and see."

But meanwhile, until we do get wholeheartedly into the hair-cutting mood, with just a little snipping and thinning here and there, we can simulate this new trim, clean look, as shown in these pictures—and feel right at the same time.

NATURE NEEDS HELP! That dry, falling hair and dry, itchy scalp are warnings that natural scalp oils are being dried out by sun and wind. You have Dry Scalp. But you can give nature the help it needs by massaging your scalp with just five drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic each day.



HAPPY ENDING! "Vaseline" Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils — it is the quick, effective way to check Dry Scalp, clear away loose dandruff — and give your hair that natural, well-groomed look.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care—Both Scalp and Hair

NO USE ASKING, MOTHER! A cold brings *so many* miseries — stuffy nose, sore throat, tight chest, coughing — and they all need relief at once. So rub on VapoRub! It works both *inside* and *outside* for faster relief of *all* these discomforts!

OUTSIDE, VapoRub acts like a poultice on chest and back to warm away congestion and tightness. At the same time...

INSIDE, medicinal vapours released by body warmth, are breathed into the air-passages, clearing stuffy nose and soothing irritation.

Just rub VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime.

WORKS INSIDE AND OUTSIDE TO RELIEVE ALL THESE MISERIES:

CLEARS STUFFY NOSE almost in seconds, so your child can breathe more easily.

SOOTHES SORE THROAT, by combined vapour-and-poultice action.

TIGHT CHEST soon feels better, because VapoRub relieves ache and congestion.

COUGHING is calmed as VapoRub makes breathing clearer and soothes throat.

VICKS VAPORUB

A WORLD STAND-BY... 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

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They cheer for that New look — that LUX LOOK!

"Spectator" Jumper — an exclusive Lux model.

KNITTEDS STAY NEW-LOOKING
FAR LONGER
WITH GENTLE LUX CARE

See how lovely this smart woollie looks thanks to gentle Lux care . . . not a sign of matting or shrinking!

It's bright and new-looking.

Don't risk ruining woollies with careless washing. Strong soaps and harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing make woollies shabby before their time.

Lux care keeps woollies fresh and shapely year after year.

Free KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Would you like to knit this attractive jumper "SPECTATOR" yourself? Free instructions will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (around dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped addressed envelope. Post to **Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.** W.W.

U.217.I.

"I use gentle Lux Toilet Soap every day... never neglect my active-lather facials. This beauty care really makes skin lovelier"—

SAYS

Rita Hayworth

COLUMBIA STAR IN "GILDA"

In recent tests, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time with

LUX TOILET SOAP

Try Hollywood's own complexion care—active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich, creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over.

The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

LT.177.I.

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Australian girl's life as New York model

JOY FLOWER and her American musical comedy star husband, Alexander Gray. Joy is wearing a beige angora suit.

Joy Flower home with American musical comedy star husband

By a staff reporter

Interviewing Mrs. Alexander Gray, the former Joy Flower of Sydney, had all the gay frenzy of interviewing a film star—open wardrobe trunks, expensive flowers, half-finished breakfasts on a tray, the telephone ringing constantly, visitors coming and going, and the star herself glamorous in a beautiful negligee.

After seven years' absence in America, Joy has returned with her husband on a holiday visit, having realised the ambition of every pretty girl in America, and in most other parts of the world, too, for that matter. She has become a famous New York model and cover girl, and married a handsome, charming star of the American musical comedy stage.

JOY FLOWER left Australia seven years ago as a member of The Marcus Show theatrical company. She was in New York for a week, and, having done modelling work in Sydney, thought she would try her luck with the world-famous Powers Model Agency.

"Australian girls were something of a novelty in New York then, and I actually saw Mr. Powers himself. He asked me to start work right away," she said.

"In New York when you see a pretty girl carrying around a cardboard hat-box, you know she's a model.

"If she's a Conover model she'll have a brownish-black one with 'Harry Conover' written across the front in big letters. Powers models carry shiny black ones.

"These are given free to the girls by the agencies. It's an advertisement for the agencies, and the girls carry hats, shoes, make-up, changes of dress in them. Anything at all.

"It's terribly hard in New York for a girl to get ahead as a free-lance model—that is why nearly all of us work with the agencies," continued Joy.

"For one thing, the agencies handle all the really big accounts; for another, if she's free-lancing a girl has to spend nearly all her time rushing about from office to office, and New York's a big town.

"Another disadvantage is that she'll have to provide all her own photographs to leave with the people she calls on. She'll need about a hundred of these if she hopes to get anywhere, and this'll cost her roughly 150 dollars (£50).

"You see, advertisers aren't a bit interested in what a model looks like in real life, but in the way she photographs," Joy explained.

To keep up with new fashion trends and avoid being typed, most models have a new set of photos taken every six months.

In the long run it is disastrous for a model to be typed; Joy herself never was—though, as she is very fair and rather ethereal looking (the conventional photogenic requirements of a bride) she was used a lot for bride pictures and as the bride in fashion parades.

"Of course, unless girls have had fairly thorough experience in modelling they must first attend the training school attached to big agencies like Powers and Conover."

Joy had done modelling for five years in Sydney, so was able to begin work at once.

"When a model graduates from glamor school she is sent—perhaps with a batch of six others—to meet a prospective client, who will choose the one he thinks most suitable for the advertising job the agency is planning for his product," she said.

LOVELY DINNER-GOWN worn by Joy at a welcome-home party. Of pearl-grey jersey, it is cut with the new hobble-draped skirt. The silver belt is studded with colored stones to match her shoes.

"Do models have to provide their own wardrobe?" I asked.

"Well, they do have to," she explained, "but there are lots of smart little shops in New York that will lend you clothes and accessories to be photographed in just for the advertisement they get out of it.

"The idea when you're a beginner is to do as much work as possible, so that you become known to the greatest possible number of people. Most beginners don't charge more than five dollars an hour. The very top models can command as much as 25 dollars (£8) an hour.

"High-fashion work—the trade name for posing in fashion photos for magazines like 'Vogue' and 'Harpers'—is the best paid of all. And so it should be, because girls who do this have to be so terribly thin that they can hardly eat anything at all."

Joy is high-fashion thin herself, only naturally so.

"Few girls have a terrific success overnight, unless the circumstances are quite exceptional. So that those who are trying to become known frequently accept floor show and fashion parade work while they are waiting for the big break that will land them on the cover of a national magazine."

BLACK PLASTIC TOQUE bought for his wife by Mr. Gray at a New York dress show.

In the early days of her modelling career, Joy did do show work at night—and landed up on the cover of a national magazine.

It was "Collier's," and Joy was shown wearing a cover version of the uniform of one of her own country's women's Services.

As well as supplying models for photographs, agencies constantly supply girls as models for magazine illustrations and for fashion parades.

"And right now back in the States they're training their girls for television," Joy added.

"Because nearly everything in America has a tag line, Conover models are nationally known as Cover Girls, and Powers models as Long-stemmed American Beauties, after the U.S.A.'s favorite rose. Girls of another agency are known as Pin-Up Girls."

Which makes Joy both a Cover Girl and a Long-Stemmed American Beauty, as she has worked for both Conover and Powers agencies.

Joy went on:

"Although she goes through quite an extensive beauty—and possibly health—routine before she leaves home, a model's day begins at nine o'clock when she reports to her particular agency.

"She goes at once to the booking-room, where loose-leaf charts on the wall, with each girl's name above, show her appointments for that day.

"Established models don't need to arrive so early, having checked up on the day's work the night before.

"But those who are on the way up pick up a lot of extra work by getting there early."

Unlike many models, who consider their own names aren't sufficiently glamorous, Joy always used her maiden name.

"When I said I was Joy Flower everyone thought I was cashing-in on the rage for trick names.

"There's a Choo Choo, a Rusty, a K.T., and one girl calls herself simply Seven.

"It took me quite a while to convince them that Mrs. Flower, of Sydney, Australia, really had called her little girl Joy."

These are what are considered the facial essentials of a successful model, in the following order: Definite features, small nose, reasonably prominent chin, a good hair line.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724250

Editorial

JULY 27, 1946

WINNING THE PEACE

WHEN the Peace Conference opens in Paris, the world will watch anxiously for evidence of real wisdom among the men whose duty it will be to settle the thorny questions left over from six years of war and to adjudicate justly between the rival claims of the victors.

The quality they will need most is far-sightedness. In the long history of peace-making, conferences rarely achieved lasting or satisfactory settlements.

Usually, they imposed decisions that rankled and provided abundant international ill-feeling for war-makers to exploit.

Many people, for instance, regard the Treaty of Versailles, framed after World War I, as the basic cause of World War II.

The preliminaries to the coming conference have provided no happy auguries. Meetings of the Big Four foreign ministers in Paris during the past month have shown a lamentable lack of harmony and an alarming abundance of rivalry.

The progress of the Peace Conference will provide a fair indication of UNO's chances of success, and its decisions will be a basis for the work which UNO carries out. And on UNO we must depend for the establishment of civilised order.

It has been said that the world of civilised order is the victory of persuasion over force.

The ordinary people of the world—the people who have to fight its wars—are fully convinced that such a victory is the only one worth having.

ETONIANS hurry to their classrooms. Lower school boys wear the wide Eton collars and short jackets, and seniors wear coat-tails, smaller collars, and, in special cases, wing collars.

War has not changed Eton's traditional ways

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

I visited Eton College yesterday. It was a surprise to me to see how completely England's 505-year-old college, which schools the sons of the titled, the famous, and the wealthy, remains wrapped in tradition.

After being a P.O.W. for years in Europe it seemed to me that in every aspect of European life standards have changed and centuries-old customs have crumbled in the path of total war. This didn't apply to Eton.

DURING the last war the famous playing fields, on which, according to the saying, Britain's wars were won, were put to practical use.

Cockney lads from the East End Boys' Brigade came as Eton's guests to camp on them.

Nowadays, these celebrated fields, which have seen kings battling through the scrum, in most unkingly disarray, could not be rented for money.

But this year girls will compete on them in running and jumping events for the first time in history.

Mr. C. J. Rowlatt, the master who decided to lend them to the All-England Schools' Athletic Association, said:

"Eton is glad to help the school sports movement in any way it can."

The war has left some scars. At Eton last week I saw scaffolding propping up a bomb-wrecked corner of the main quadrangle, and on the cloister walls—they have proudly erected an honor roll of the seven hundred old Etonians who died in this war to add another fine page to the school's long history.

But most changes the war brought are merely superficial. The traditional Procession of Boats was held this year on June 4 (the birthday of King George III) as it was held right through the war.

The only difference was that wartime conditions made it impossible for full regalia to be worn.

In the procession the crews of the Boats traditionally wear uniforms consisting of straw hats, striped shirts, and either dark blue or white trousers.

The coxes of the Upper Boats wear admirals' uniforms, and those of the Lower Boats have a peaked cap, short jacket, and white trousers.

The coxes carry huge bunches of flowers, and the boats are decorated with flags, and the chief feature of the procession is the salute by the oarsmen, who rise in their places, lifting their oars erect.

At the procession last month many of the crews wore the traditional costume, but because of rationing no one had straw-boaters.

They are still playing the celebrated Eton "wall game," a peculiar game of football which takes place on St. Andrew's Day, November 30.

It is played on a strip of ground some twenty feet wide, and bordered by a wall built in 1717.

The goals are a tree at one end and the door of Weston's Yard at the other.

It is very difficult to score goals, and actually they are scored, on an average, only about three times in a hundred years.

The more superficial imprints of the times are in the Eton collar, the daily diet, and the famous top-hat.

The wide, starched collar of the jacketed lower school boys, though still immaculately white, is a little limp these days from a shortage of starch.

The diet is described rather pungently by some of the boys as "stodgy."

They mean that in the "Sock Shop"—not the tuckshop, as it's called in most schools—there is no longer that glorious "scoff," the "banana mess."

In its place there is a less inspiring selection of sandwiches, some ice-cream, and fruit drinks much diluted.

"Stodgy" is adjective to the noun "stodge," which is their word for the frequent apparition of pudding on the school menu.

They are served with fish a little more often. And they believe that Yorkshire pudding, a great standby in a threadbare larder, covers a multitude of culinary shortages.

But they know this is a plight they share with 48 million Britons.

The Eton top-hat is no longer compulsory, except on Sundays. This slight lessening of formality is a heritage of the war.

But scholars still swarm out of classrooms and throng Eton High Street in the sombre tailcoat and striped trousers which, according to legend, they adopted as mourning when George III died.

Latin is still a subject of major importance, although it is often dropped in the senior classes when students begin to specialise for their careers.

Though the word "tradition" has often been misused to connote a diehard hostility to modern ideas, Eton long ago set the example of a practical memorial to its fallen boys.

After the first World War they used most of the memorial money raised to educate their sons who could no longer afford to attend. They are doing it again this war instead of investing in costly marble monuments.

During the war, every fit Eton boy of 17 enrolled either in the Home Guard, the A.R.P., or in the Forestry Unit which felled trees up on the estates of Windsor Castle, whose battlements overlook the college.

Of the 1100 scholars, from jacketed "fags" to the coat-tailed sixth-formers, there are 70 King's Scholars.

They are boys chosen from entrants all over England for the scholarship provided by the school's gentle, pious founder, King Henry VI.

About twelve are admitted yearly.

Any boy inclining to snobbery cannot choose these boys as victims, because a King's Scholar may be the son of a duke or a dustman. The entrance exam is so stiff that to win it is a coveted honor.

ETONIANS IN AUSTRALIA

THE Duke of Gloucester is the president of The Old Etonian Association in Australia, and the vice-president is the Governor of South Australia, Lieutenant-General Sir Willoughby Norrie.

Ex-Etonians living in Australia include Brigadier-General A. T. Anderson, Messrs. T. H. Kelly and his son, T. H. Kelly, R. G. C. Parry Okeden, J. Westmacott, and R. H. Allen (all of N.S.W.).

Melbourne ex-pupils include Captain C. H. Hordern and Mr. D. A. Casey.

Interesting People

MRS. R. G. A. JACKSON

. . . long partings

SIX days in seven years is all time Mrs. R. G. A. Jackson has spent with her husband, Senior Deputy Director-General of UNRRA. While he evacuated civilians from Malta and got supplies to island she was in Tasmania. In London she has rented a flat seven minutes from his office, but may still rarely see him, as he goes to Far East soon for UNRRA. Both Australians, they met in Hobart. She plans to study flower work with Constance Spry, in London.

MR. ROSS PRATT

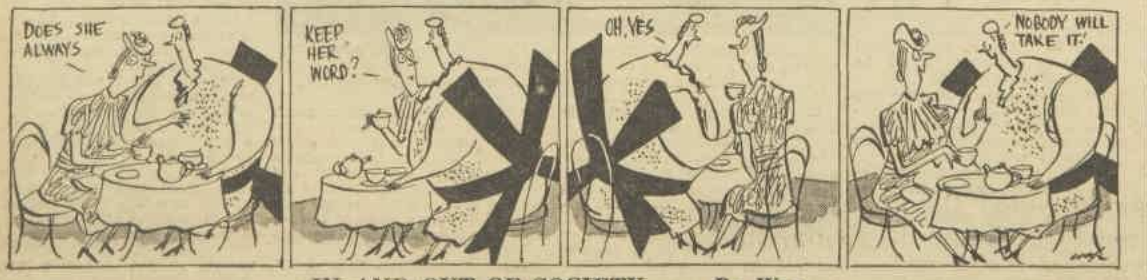
. . . pianist from Winnipeg

ICE SKATING, a favorite pastime, was one of things Ross Pratt, young pianist from Winnipeg, Canada, touring here with A.B.C., gave up when he realised music would be his career. He could not risk damage to his hands. Slim, dark, serious, he cannot remember when music was not his chief interest. Just completed tour of Far East with ENSA. A year ago went to Mexico as first of succession of artists on exchange between Canada and that country. When 19 was soloist under Sir Henry Wood.

LYDIA KUPRINA

. . . dances with husband

NEWS comes from South America of Phillida Cooper, of Melbourne, who as Lydia Kuprina has made a place for herself as a ballerina. Lydia and her husband, James Upshaw, who were both formerly in the de Basil Company, now dance as a team, and made their debut dancing together in Rio de Janeiro with Gregorieva, Leskova, and Anna Volkova. Next they go to Bahia, Brazil, where they will dance in one of the world's most exclusive casinos, at £20 a night. Later they go to Broadway.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

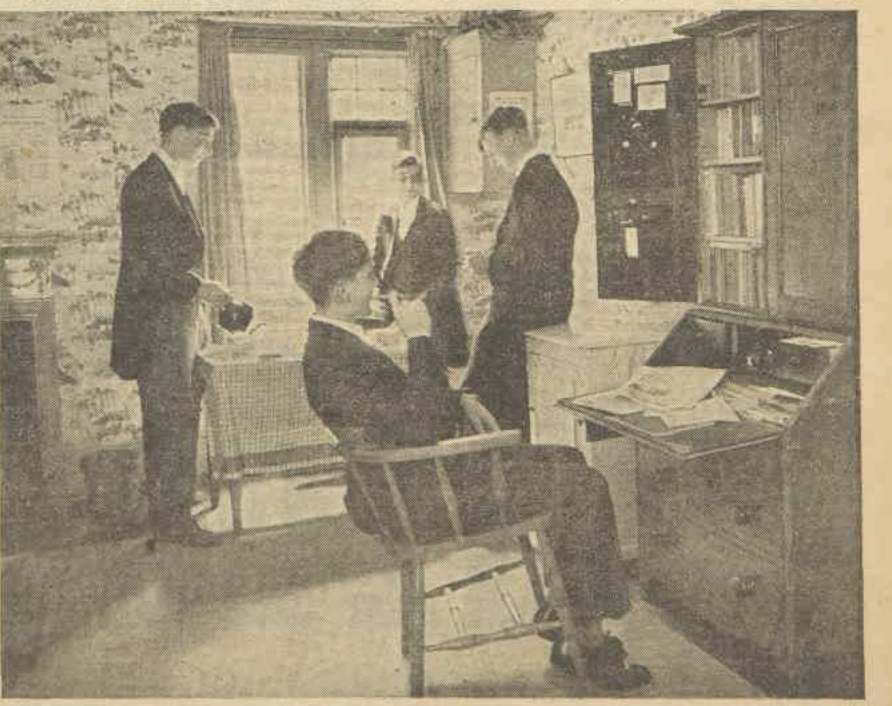
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724251

Eton — England's famous school in pictures

ANCIENT BUILDINGS and old oak trees line the sunny High Street in Eton, which is always thronged with masters and coat-tailed Etonians crossing to their various classes.

ETON'S "SOCK SHOP" (tuck shop) serves only ice-cream, buns, and soft drinks, but is crowded between classes.

SCAFFOLDING frames a wrecked corner of main quadrangle hit by a German bomb in 1940. There was not much damage done in raids. (See story on opposite page.)



TEATIME in one of the boys' studies. It used to be a grand event in peacetime. When parents send a hamper the Eton boy invites his friends for a "cram," but with food rationing the hampers of the good old days are few. School menu is also uninteresting.

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Mazda electric lamps

THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

Advertisement of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED, Distributors for the British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., England.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4724253

New York Round-Up

Shoes that fit like gloves

Radioed by L. J. MILLER, of our New York staff

Glove - moulded shoes so faithfully fitting that they even follow the lifeline marks on your instep are the latest thing.

THEY'RE made of leather and a plastic composition to conform to a plaster mould of the wearer's foot.

Every line and indentation of the foot are faithfully copied in the finished product.

For some time a New York firm has been turning out glove-moulded shoes.

They're the original idea of Mr. Allen E. Murray, a former professional skater, who came upon the moulding process in trying to design for himself the perfect shoe.

When you order a pair of these shoes you first have a plaster mould made of your feet and from this the shoes are made.

The price of a pair begins at about £20.

* * *

"TIMES PICAYUNE," a daily newspaper published in subtropical New Orleans, where romance runs warm among the French, declares that wives are more jealous than husbands.

New Orleans private detectives have told the "Times Picayune" that for every husband who employs detectives to shadow his wife from 8 to 10 wives get detectives to shadow their husbands.

Detectives are coldly analytical about it.

The way they work it out is that wives are more active in this field of research because, otherwise, husbands would leave them without the means of supporting their children.

It's not so much that wife love is greater than husband love.

* * *

THE woman who beat Joe Louis across her knees is still the best friend of the world's heavyweight boxing champion.

She's his mother, Lily.

Asked by an interviewer this week whether she ever had to spank Joe when he was a little boy she said, "I guess I hold a few decisions over him at that."

She confessed that when her now famous son was a child she thought prize-fighting a pretty awful thing.

Her greatest ambition was that he should learn to play the violin.

"But," she explains with a smile, "he never gave that fiddle much attention."

* * *

GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is now a Hubba Hubba girl, dancing the Charleston in a Broadway show.

She's tall, blue-eyed Ann Hutchinson.

Ann takes the part in "Billion Dollar Baby" of a drunk at midnight in a New York speakeasy.

When "Billion Dollar Baby" played in Boston, Ann had no accommodation difficulties, because she stayed at the Longfellow house, where her Uncle Harry—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—is now the only permanent resident. But any of the Longfellow descendants may stop over there at any time.

The original Longfellow manuscripts are kept there in three fireproof vaults.

* * *

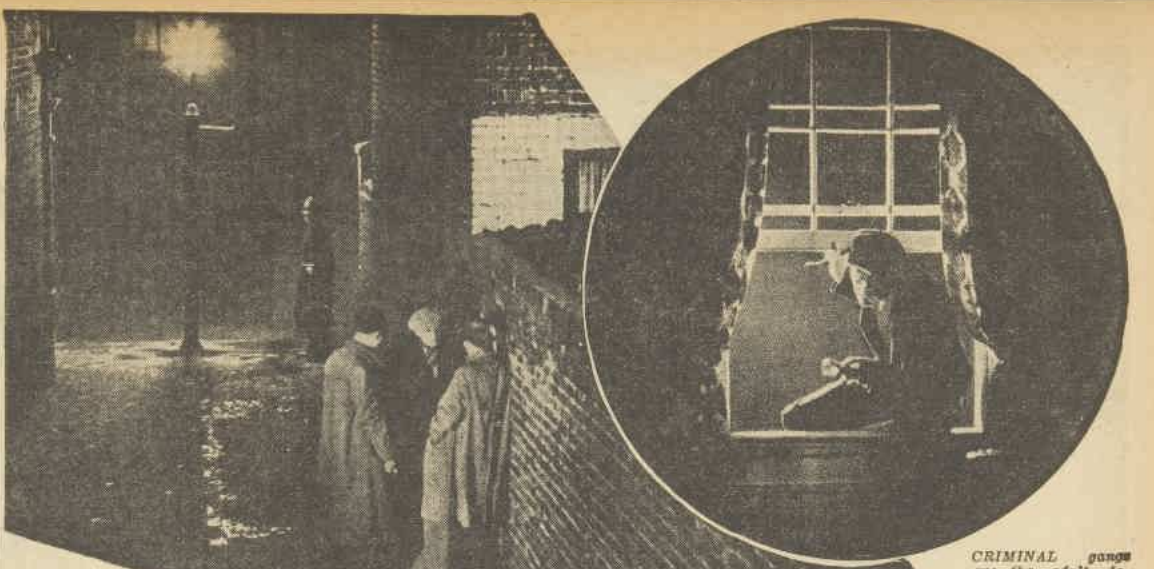
TWO Belgian nun-surgeons have arrived in New York to study hospital technique and administration.

The Sisters are members of the Missionary Canonesses of Saint Augustine and are among the first women of a religious order anywhere to hold full medical degrees.

The Sisters are on their way to Peking, China, where they will found a general hospital.

One is a surgeon, one a gynaecologist.

They are giving particular study to American methods of anaesthesia.



CRIMINAL gangs are the adult development of childhood alley groups who graduate from truancy and petty pilfering to professional crime.

BAD HOMES BREED CRIMINALS

Road to prison often begins with childhood's alley gangs

By staff reporter JOAN POWE

In the sunless courtyard sat a row of women, some with shopping-baskets, some nursing babies, some crowded together on benches. They seemed almost forgotten in the stream of solicitors, court officials, and guidance experts hurrying past.

Occasionally a woman would pass a remark to her neighbor, or shift her parcels, but most of the time they were silent.

THERE was a tragic resignation about this little group waiting in the vestibule of the Children's Court.

At intervals a name would be called, and one of the mothers would get up and go into the dingy courtroom, where her son was before the magistrate for "getting into trouble."

No details of cases are allowed to leak out from the Children's Court, where offenders from as young as seven or eight come up against the law.

Perhaps they have been charged with seemingly minor offences such as truancy, pilfering, or uncontrollability, which might be put down merely to "boyish pranks."

Perhaps they have committed more serious offences, such as breaking and entering shops and kiosks, stealing, or taking part in "basher gangs."

I spoke to one of the mothers as she left the Children's Court after her son's case had been heard. She was a plump, faded woman, whose time was filled up looking after a family of eight, and she had a two-year-old child and a baby with her.

Her second boy had just been sentenced to two years at a State institution.

He had a depressingly long list of offences, dating from truancy at the age of nine to his present one of breaking and entering a jeweller's shop near his home and stealing a number of valuables.

His case was fairly typical in its way, I learnt from one of the welfare officers. He was a bright lad, but he came from a very overcrowded suburb, and found it pleasanter wandering the streets with his companions than attending school.

His father, a partial invalid, had no control over him, and his mother was "too busy to keep an eye on the boy."

He found he could get far more pocket-money from the proceeds of pilfering than he ever got at home, and there was a spirit of adventure about the gang's activities.

And so repeated probations from the Court had little effect.

His mother's attitude, also, was, unfortunately, typical in its way.

With her other children she had little time to spare over her delinquent lad's problems.

"He's been a trouble to me the whole time, and I told the magistrate there was nothing I could do with him. We'll see what the boys' home can do," she said.

There was a note of aggrieved indignation in her voice, as though the lad had done all this especially to worry her. She tugged at the hand of the two-year-old.

"Come along now," she said angrily. "We can't waste any more time here."

In one of the records departments of the C.I.B. you can find a number of cases that started off the way this one did.

There is something terrifying in the way an individual can be reduced to a list of convictions and a cold phrase in the Criminal Register.

Assisted by the kindly, grey-haired sergeant in charge of the department, I read through a number of reports on well-known criminals.

Some were still in their late teens, some much older, but there was a uniformity in the shape their criminal careers had taken.

Only too often the same cold phrase was repeated in the summing-up of their characters:

"A persistent and active criminal who seems to have made up his mind to resort to a life of crime"; or "An inveterate thief and an unmitigated liar."

A judge's comment: "I cannot find one single trait in his character that I can recommend."

"There are still some members of the public who think all that are needed are more police and bigger gaols to do away with crime," the sergeant said.

"They don't realise that in many cases criminals are the result of a gradual building up of bad character, and by the time many of them come to us it's too late to do much to change them.

"All we can do is keep tightening up the penalties for crime, so that a few may be turned against it, and protect society against the rest of them by gaol sentences.

"Look at this case," he said dispassionately. "Declared an habitual criminal at 24, and still lining up a list of convictions as long as your arm."

The man in question was now 32, serving his most recent sentence for a number of break, enter, and steal offences.

When disturbed, he and an accomplice had attacked the nightwatchman, and were described by the judge as "vicious and cunning criminals who are a menace against society."

We turned to the list of convictions of this "vicious criminal" of 32, who had to be locked up to protect society.

It began at the age of ten, and in the cold official language of the police files ran something like this:

January, 1924, truancy, Children's Court, probation.

March, 1924, uncontrollable, Children's Court, bond.

July, 1924, break and enter, Children's Court, sentenced to six months, Mittagong Farm Home.

And so it went on. At the age of 16 he was sent to Gosford Boys' Home, where he was taught a trade, and, on being released, he worked in industry for some months.

But the delinquent boy is handicapped in many ways.

Broken schooling, caused through truancy and the time spent in various institutions, leaves him way behind boys of his own age in education.

He may learn a trade at one of the State Homes, but when applying for a job he would be hardly likely to tell his prospective employer this fact.

The most, then, that is open to him is unskilled labor of some sort, which is very poorly paid.

"He has before his eyes all the time the 'easy money' made in the past by the gangs he used to go round with, together with the element of risk, which adds spice to the thing," the police sergeant said.

Once a boy has appeared before the Children's Court there are a number of courses open to the magistrate.

Provided the home situation is fairly satisfactory he may place him on probation, and a number of these cases never appear before the courts again.

But in overcrowded suburbs where there are family difficulties, lack of supervision, and no leisure-time activity for the lad except what the streets have to offer, it is often found advisable to send him to a Church home for a while.

I spoke to one of the Church welfare officers down at the Children's Court, a quiet, thin young clergyman who has attended there for more than three years.

"Often 50 per cent. of the boys in gangs are harmless, but they egg one another on to take more and more risks.

"When they come to Church homes we try to give them something solid to replace that hankering after gang adventures that leads to trouble.

"We have a large measure of success, but in some boys the instinct to roam the streets has become too strong. They abscond, and have to be sent to State institutions."

But once a boy has reached one of the bigger State institutions the risk of finding bad companions cannot be eliminated.

Only too frequently young absconders from such institutions are sentenced at the age of about 16 or 17 to long terms of imprisonment for criminal offences.

Their crimes can be as vicious as those of the most hardened criminals.

"In the unsupervised homes, on the streets, and in the groups of young hooligans playing round gutters lie the roots of the whole question of delinquency and, to a large extent, crime," a Child Welfare adviser told me.

Parents must be educated

"EVERYTHING depends on the parents."

That statement sums up the general opinon formed by police and social workers who see how boys develop into criminals.

"Only when we can educate parents to their responsibilities and organise playgrounds, youth centres, and leisure-time clubs in every suburb can we say we are really tackling the problem of preventing crime," says a Child Welfare adviser.

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"I married a spendthrift"

1: Bill was earning good money, and had always given me plenty for housekeeping. But he never had a penny himself. When the debt collector called, it was a terrible shock. What a thing to happen!

2: I realised then how careless spending would ruin our chances for the future . . . that instead of wasting money on high-priced non-essentials, we should be *saving* for the better times to come. I paid the debt myself. "Never again," I said to myself.

3: To get more money for housekeeping, I went to town and drew from my savings. Then I called at Bill's office and gave him a piece of my mind. We had quite a scene. Bill tried to justify himself.

4: When I told him how I saved from my housekeeping money, he was ashamed. "If you can save, so can I," he said. And believe me, it wasn't long before we were buying Bonds and Certificates. That's sensible spending.

NOW WE'RE SAVING FOR FUTURE ENJOYMENT!

RUSHING in to spend when goods are scarce drives prices *up* . . . inflation becomes a dangerous possibility.

By rationing the scarcest goods, by Price Control and other methods, the Government is doing all it can to check this tendency and maintain our living standards.

But *your co-operation* is needed, too. Cut out *careless spending*. Buy only what you really *need*. *Save* all you can. *Hold* all your Commonwealth Bonds and Savings Certificates, and buy *more* regularly with the money you save . . . remember, they earn better than Bank rates of interest.

Later on, when goods are plentiful again, you will get *more for your money* in *everything* you buy.

Savings Certificates may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office, and advance subscriptions to the next Commonwealth Cash Loan may be made through any Bank or Stockbroker.

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

★ ★ ★ ★

BE A SAVER - NOT A SPENDER

HELP KEEP PRICES DOWN

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THOSE born under the zodiacal signs Leo, Aries, and Sagittarius have started a four-week cycle of good fortune, in which the stars aid them to achieve their desired goals.

Geminians and Librans will benefit slightly, also; but those born under the signs Taurus, Scorpio, and Aquarius must beware pitfalls of all kinds now and dodge quarrels and unhappiness.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You can benefit considerably now, so seek favors, gains, promotions. July 23 poor, 24 good, 28 (noon to 4 p.m.) fair, 29 (except 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) excellent.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Be circumspect and patient now and avoid trouble, especially on July 23, 24 (early), 28 (afternoon), 29, and 30 (to 4 p.m.).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Some very good days come your way this week, so use them well. July 24 very good, 25 (11 a.m. to 9 p.m.) good, 28 (to noon) fair, 29 (evening) good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): An unspectacular week, so keep to routine tasks. July 24 (to 11 p.m.) good, 25 (noon to 3 p.m.) fair; 26 (noon to dusk), 27, 28 (to noon), and 29 (midday and evening) quite good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Good fortune awaits many Leonians now, so go in search of desired goals. July 24 excellent, 25 (noon to 9 p.m.) and 28 (evening) fair, 29 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) excellent.

"There! Now will you stop that confounded whimpering?"

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Unspectacular days now, so keep to routine. July 23 fair, 24 tricky, 25 adverse, 26 (early) poor, 27 (to 8 p.m.) fair, 29 very fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Seek moderate gains now. July 23 poor, 26, 27, and 28 (early) mildly upsetting. July 29 (to midday) fair, (after dusk) very good.

SCORPIO: (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be on guard against trouble, especially on July 23, 24, 26, 28 (late), 27 (mid-evening), and 28 (midday to dusk). July 29 and 30 also adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Good things come your way for some weeks now. July 24 unreliable, 25 tricky, but 28 (evening), 29 (1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) and 30 excellent.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Concentrate on routine work and plan ahead. July 23 (to midday) poor, 24 fair, 25, 26, 27, and 28 (to sunset) poor. July 29 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Caution pays big dividends now, for trouble will be easy to find, especially on July 23, 24 (early and late), 26 (adverse), 28, 29, and 30. Keep to routine work.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Unspectacular days now, so live quietly. July 24, 25 and 26 (early and late) poor; 27 and 28 (to noon) fair, 29 (evening) good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: Black and red, page 3, V7-V8.
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 3: P1, Q1, P2, Q2.
BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 3, 42-52.
MEAT: Black, 99-104, N2; red, C8-C12, N2; green, C6-C9.
CLOTHING: Y1-56, Z57-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, staying in the Rockies, see a lion about to slay
PROF. THURSBY: A scientist who, after he is rescued, tells them he is about to make a trip to the other side of the moon. He explains that he has rearranged atomic structures to create thurene, a substance which resists gravity and will help him to reach the moon. He shows Mandrake a rocket ship in which he plans to make the trip. Just at this point the sheriff arrives with a creditor of the professor's, demanding payment of a bill. The professor has spent everything on experiments, so gladly accepts Mandrake's offer to pay the bill. NOW READ ON:

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AT HIGH TEA following second day of Mudgee polo carnival the hon. secretary, Mr. Dan Scott (left), Mrs. Scott, Joan Roberts, and Patricia Loneragan, who was co-hostess with Mrs. John Robertson at party.

SYDNEY VISITOR Marie Fagan (right) with Mrs. Bob Loneragan, of Mudgee, arrives at polo field. Marie attended three-day polo carnival and was house guest of her attractive sister, Mrs. "Mit" Loneragan, of Mudgee district.

TAKING IT EASY between chukkers. Mrs. Ned Martin (Wellington), Mrs. Paddy Macfarlane (Bylong), and Robin Smith, of Wellington, have afternoon tea during polo match. Mrs. Ted Moore, Mudgee, in background.

RIBBONS DECORATE their horses' tails. Polo crosse players Noreen Moore and Monica Krippner, Ingleburn polo crosse team players, plait Braiga's—Noreen's horse—tail with ribbons to match team's colors before match.

Polo Carnival at Mudgee

COUNTRY folk come for miles round to attend Mudgee and District Polo Club three-day polo carnival—the first polo matches to be played in the district for more than 20 years, and the first big social gathering in Mudgee since the war.

Great thrill for locals when country team—Bylong—romps home and wins magnificent silver cup, beating visiting Sydney Greenpoint team in thrilling polo match.

Cup presented by popular president, Keith Single, and immediately filled with bubbling champagne, cork being pulled by one of the victors—John Thompson, of Bylong team. Each member of the team, John Thompson, his brother Geoff, both from Bylong station, Bylong; their cousin, Harold Thompson, from Wingarra, Bylong; and Ted Coombes, from Lue, receives silver beer-mug which they will keep. Greenpoint team inform me it's all they will keep because they're determined to bring the cup to Sydney after next year's carnival.

• • •

PIN-UP girls of the carnival, Mrs. A. E. Thompson, mother of John and Geoff, and Mrs. C. Austin, mother of Jack, Larry, Ken Austin, and mother-in-law of "Hec" King, of Greenpoint team, come in for their share of champagne too. As soon as toasts are drunk by team the "Thompson boys" bring a sip over for their mother, who sits on the sideline watching their triumph. When Greenpoint receive their consolation cup filled to the brim with champagne, youngest member of the team, Ken, collects his mother from the sideline saying, "You've got to be in it, too, Mum."

• • •

TWO members of the Mudgee polo crosse team, captain Pam Single and Patricia Loneragan, had busy time at carnival, as, in addition to playing their polo crosse games against Ingleburn polo crosse team, they acted as linesmen for polo matches. Pam was mounted on Rustler, belonging to her cousin, Betty Single, who was unable to be present at carnival as she is in hospital in Sydney recovering from a recent illness. Betty, who was A.C.F. sports girl, is fiancee of polo player Geoff Thompson.

Pam, who is daughter of president of Mudgee and District Polo Club, rides her horse in 40 miles for carnival from their property, Wolla. However, Harold Thompson gives her a lift home, and her horse goes along with the Thompson horses.

• • •

VISITORS from Wellington, Janet Thomson, her sister Connie, and brother Ben, from "Macquarie Park," are interested spectators at polo carnival . . . Judy and Connie particularly interested in polo crosse games, as they are thinking of forming a team in Wellington with Mrs. Nat Barton, of "Nanima," Wellington, and hope to challenge Mudgee polo crosse team next year.

HENRY THE EIGHTH style for Jack Austin when he chews a turkey drumstick at high tea at Oddfellows' Hall after second day of carnival. Mrs. Vin Suttor (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Clive Suttor look on.

A HOT CUP OF TEA before their match. Mrs. John Thompson, of Bylong station, Bylong, pours a cup of tea for "Hec" King (centre) and Ken Austin, of Greenpoint team.

YOUNGER SET. Nancy Scott, "Merrinong" (Dubbo), Robin Smith (Wellington), Peggy Booth (Dubbo), and Margaret and Joy Brownville, "Beaudesert," Mudgee, watch polo carnival from sideline.

HATS off to the country matrons and lassies from the district—they're up bright and early helping handfeed stock, "run up" magnificent picnic lunches and afternoon teas to bring to the polo field, and arrive looking as if they were just turned out of a bandbox. Can't imagine how many turkeys Mrs. John Thompson, of Bylong Station, had to cope with over three days of carnival . . . She came to town with her polo-playing husband and young son Richard, and stayed with her mother, Mrs. Wyatt Cox, of Mudgee. With the help of other young matrons she provided sumptious luncheons and afternoon teas each day. Mrs. Thompson and Pat Loneragan were also responsible for the grand party held at Oddfellows' Hall on the Saturday night of the polo.

• • •

THEY'RE certainly tough, these country "blokes" . . . after Saturday night's party number of lads go off to swimming-pool outside town for midnight dip. "Had difficulty cracking a hole in the ice to have my swim," says Rex Schoeffel, of Horingses Park, Leppington, when I see him hugging the open log fire in the lounge the next morning. Rex umpires for polo crosse teams and drives Ingleburn team back home after carnival.

• • •

MALE and female "characters" in town are polo-playing Ted Coombes, of Lue, and polo crosse player Honor Bowman, of Birriwa. Honor cheered from the sidelines as she dashes madly downfield to score goal for Mudgee polo crosse team . . . and Ted is centre of fun at Saturday night high tea when he copes with enormous turkey carcases.

"WE wanted to get married before the shearing starts," says Jean McMaster when I phone her just before her marriage to Chad Martin. Couple announce engagement and marriage all within few weeks and choose homestead setting of Binnia Downs, Coolah—home of Jean's parents, the late L. J. McMaster and Mrs. McMaster—for ceremony and reception.

Jean borrows gown from Mrs. K. Powell, of Quirindi, and her bridesmaid, Pam Barnier, wears blue.

Chad, who is son of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Martin, of Turramurra, is attended by Max Hough. Couple plan honeymoon in Sydney, where, no doubt, they'll be toasted by all their friends, including many of Chad's R.A.A.F. "types." They will then make their home on Chad's property, Sherwood, Coolah.

• • •

RUN into the Paul Martins at Mudgee polo and Mrs. Martin tells me she's hurrying home to make preparations for a house party of twelve guests who will arrive for Chad and Jean's wedding.

• • •

DIDN'T think "Hec" King, of Greenpoint team, would ever get home with his natty blue silk scarf. When he wore it in to supper on Sunday night after the conclusion of the polo all feminine eyes in the dining-room were turned on it, and many suggested he might leave it behind as a souvenir of the Greenpoint team's visit. However, "Hec" still had his scarf when I saw him drive away with Mrs. C. Austin, Jack Austin, and Billy Day, of Camden, who came with them.

Joyce

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Sing For Your Supper

Continued from page 4

JIM said roughly, "Sarah . . . oh, my dear, I have so much to say to you if you'll only take the time to listen."

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly, irrationally. "Oh, no." She opened the door and sprang into the foyer, nearly bowling over Rex Sherman. For the first time in her life she actually welcomed the sight of him.

She introduced Jim. Rex pumped his hand a shade too heartily, and then flung a heavy arm across Sarah's shoulders. "How's my girl?"

The arm felt like a yoke. Sarah moved restlessly, aware of Jim's penetrating gaze. She managed a smile. "How's yourself? . . . Oh, Barbara," she added with real joy, freeing herself and going forward. "Here's your hero, wrapped and delivered."

The words brought a dark flush to Jim's face, and Sarah wished wildly that she could be with any other group than this one, anywhere else. But her voice prattled on and on: "Your dress is a dream, dear. I wish you'd give me lessons in how to pick clothes."

Then they were moving into the modern living-room toward other people. And all the time that Sarah was laughing and talking she was conscious of Jim's eyes upon her and her growing dread of meeting them.

Dinner passed in a yellow haze, but not so dimly that she didn't see the clumsy way in which Rex Sherman was playing Stonebrook's hero against the polite reserve of Ted's parents, Mrs. and Mr. Watson, and vice versa. The presence of these people at his table was Sarah's triumph, but she took no interest in it. When dinner was over she didn't know whether it had been a success or a failure, and she couldn't seem to care.

"Another quick drink," Rex urged, "before we go on to the dance."

The others thought not, and the women started upstairs.

"Oh, come on," said Rex. "Let's go into the bar."

He caught Sarah's hand in a hot, unpleasant grip. Why had she never seen before how very, very unpleasant Rex Sherman was? He was pulling her along with him, playfully but insistently. He flung open the door to the bar, and suddenly Sarah knew that this was it. In a flash she was in his suffocating embrace, she was actually enduring his kisses. "You're a sweet little thing, you know," he was saying.

Furious, yet trying to conceal her fury, Sarah twisted her head to one side. "Really, Rex!"

"Barbara doesn't care," he said thickly. "Don't worry about Barbara."

Then, miraculously, she was released. A voice had spoken from the door. Jim Ferris stood there, his eyes chips of steel. "Say the word, Sarah, and I'll sock him."

Giddy with relief, Sarah laughed shakily and put an ineffectual hand to her hair. "It's all right, Jim. Just one cocktail too many. It didn't mean anything."

"It meant plenty," said Jim icily.

A hard smile played on Rex Sherman's mouth. "Are you going to let him tell you what to do?" he asked Sarah warningly.

Sarah touched Rex lightly on the arm. "There, there, Rex, don't be stuffy." She included them both in a conciliatory smile. "Perhaps we'd better be going, Jim."

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps we had."

She walked out into the hall with Jim, her head erect. She heard Barbara say gaily, "You and Jim take the coupe, Sarah."

The drive with Jim was short and silent. When he came to an abrupt stop and Sarah looked out to see that they were in front of her own house she was not surprised.

"Chummy arrangement with your landlords," Jim said, without expression. "Nominal rent, or something like that?"

"Taxes," said Sarah dully.

"And occasional servants and cars and——" His fingers seared her flesh as he carelessly flicked the shoulder of her gown. "Pretty dresses?"

Sarah kept her chin steady. "And access to the club as a guest of the Shermans, since I can't afford to belong."

"Let me present Sarah Hadley," he said, with mock admiration. "Mooching round people I didn't think she'd wipe her feet on! It's been an education knowing you."

"That from you!" But the lash had struck for the last time, and Sarah knew it. She recognised her resentment of Jim for what it was. She had to admit now that Jim had changed for the better and she had changed for the worse. She had to admit that she was dirt-cheap.

"Yes, from me!" He laughed without amusement. "I have to hand it to you. Compared with you, I was small potatoes. You're in a different class." His carefully controlled voice broke before the rush of his hot scorn. "This will give you a laugh! Who do you suppose I've been thinking of, dreaming of, planning for, all the time I've been away? Who do you think I've been trying to grow up to?"

Sarah put her hand to her throat. Pride kept her there. A still, small core of pride that nobody would ever crush, not even Jim Ferris.

"Oh, I know what I was," he said. "And I'm not trying to find excuses. I was a wild kid who got off on the wrong foot. I grew up in the depression and didn't see much use in trying. But when I got into the Air Force I found I wasn't alone. There were plenty of others like me, ineffective and defeated. But they are not going to be ineffective when they are settled back into civilian life. And neither am I. And my future doesn't include anything out of my past or anything remotely like it." He put a hand on the door. "And so I hope you'll excuse me if I don't take you on to the dance."

"Wait," said Sarah, and he leaned back, his dark profile to her, still and remote.

"I'm not making excuses, either," she said quietly. "But I want you to know that to-night it's over. It was like a disease that comes on so gradually you don't know you have it. I didn't really know until I saw you again, until to-day, when I remembered what you used to be, and what I used to be . . ."

Jim faded out. Sarah was back again, fighting her tortuous way through the jungle of that black time after the judge's death. Numbed with loss, panicked by creeping fears, caught in the strangling vines of responsibility. Income taxes, doctor's bills.

And then the Shermans. It had been such a relief to find a buyer for the house. And they had seemed so kind, so eager to have Sarah like them. The arrangement about the rent had been in the nature of a loan. She had made that understood. But at that time she hadn't dared to leave her mother to take a full-time job. Then, little by little, a favor here, a favor there—— Paying for them with flattery, with introductions to her old friends.

"When Harry died the shock killed Dad," she went on. "He expected to live forever, so he left nothing but debts. Then the other two boys went away. Everything we'd had was falling to pieces. I was afraid that if mother lost any more it would be too much for her. I told myself that everything I was doing, I was doing for her and for the boys. Well, I know now that I was doing it for myself. I was trying to cling to the past. I was trying to save what couldn't be saved. I was lost. You see, I loved Dad and Harry, too. I——" Blindly she reached for the door and got out.

The night wind blew cold on her wet cheeks. Stiffly she went up the walk and put her hand on the polished brass knob of the door.

She felt Jim's presence behind her and turned, smiling. "It's been an education knowing you, too, Jim. I'm proud to know you. And now I'm going to get myself a real job, like yours. Maybe I can still save something for mother, but in a different way. You probably won't be looking for me again, but if you are you won't find me at the club, or at the Shermans', and you won't find me in this house." She held out her small, cold hand. "Do you believe me, Jim?"

He set aside her hand and gathered her gently into his arms. Strength flowed from him to warm and comfort her. "I believe you, Sarah, dear. I do believe you."

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

WE feel that the growing despair among Sydney's homeless of ever winning homes in the Housing Commission's ballots was sadly illustrated at the recent 16th general ballot at the 2KY Auditorium.

We missed the drama and excitement of original ballot drawings, when hundreds crowded the auditorium and tensely awaited each roll of the barrel.

The auditorium this time was empty except for ourselves and seven other Press reporters, five ex-servicemen, and two women, only representatives of the 2647 ex-servicemen and 1975 civilians admitted to the ballot.

On stage, an ex-serviceman drew the numbers from the barrel while it rolled monotonously before Housing Commission officers, a typist, and three scrutineers.

Said one ex-servicemen to another when the drawing was over:

"Never really expected to win, anyway. I've had my application in for 12 months and I guess it will be another 12 months before my number turns up."

"Same here," said the other. "Aw, well, see you next time!"

Teaching handcrafts

EXTENSIVE workrooms are being fitted up at Red Cross House, Sydney to teach handcrafts to service men and women discharged medically unfit and on pension.

Trainees from the N.S.W. Red Cross Handcraft School, which was opened a year ago, will staff the rooms.

The idea is to give discharged service personnel a chance to continue the work they did and enjoyed while in hospitals.

Trainees from the school will also go to homes of disabled men who cannot travel to the city.

A similar scheme is already functioning in Victoria.

Proceeds of the sales of goods will augment pensions.

There is no doubt about the demand for the goods. An American business man in Honolulu has written, asking for samples of any cloth produced, and orders arrive constantly, especially from country people, for gloves, slippers, leather goods.

From New Zealand and from England letters come constantly from naval men who were at Herne Bay Naval Hospital asking for patterns of the toys, slippers, and gloves they made there so that they can go on making them now they are home again.

The first public exhibition in Sydney of the type of work taught by Red Cross and done by men and women in hospitals during the war will be opened by Sir Leslie Morshead at David Jones' on August 7, and will continue on August 8 and 9.

* * *

ACCORDING to our London office, England is having its worst summer for forty years.

The current national joke is: "Longest day over. Nice that we've turned our backs on the worst of the summer."

Footnotes

THE manager of a shoe store in Melbourne gave us an interesting statistic to ponder over.

According to him, 90 per cent. of women still persist in trying-out shoes which are much too tight for them.

After 40, apparently, they don't care, and comfort is the main consideration.

It is quite difficult for shoe-fitting experts to persuade customers to select the right type of shoes for their feet.

Australians' most common foot fault is dropped arches, brought about by playing too much sport.

Like the rest of the customers, we had a pedicure before leaving the shop.

It has been the policy of the store for 15 years to give customers a free pedicure when they buy a pair of shoes.

Animal Antics

"That comes from too many sulky races."

Pet consultant

FROM Mrs. Bob Sanders, wife of an Adelaide naval officer, we hear that bulldogs are the most fashionable breed of dog in London just now.

Poodles, Scotties, wire-haired terriers, and spaniels are also enjoying a vogue.

While in London Mrs. Sanders had a job as a consultant in the pet department at the big store of Selfridges.

She used to give inoculations against distemper and prescribe diets for pets brought in to be bathed, fed, and manicured while their owners shopped.

On the more serious side, however, she also used to work at one of the eight animal clinics in London where operations are carried out free of charge.

* * *

WE'VE heard all kinds of cures for the smoking habit, from chewing-gum to barley-sugar, but the most original one came from a sailor we know.

He is on all-night sentry duty at an R.A.N. depot, and the long hours of lonely vigil are fast turning him into a chain-smoker.

"So I've decided to take up tapestry," he told us.

Entertained 8th Div.

MANY members of the 8th Division will remember the Talalla family, of Kuala Lumpur, in Malaya.

The two Indian brothers, whose two families numbered seventeen children, entertained 400 A.I.F. men at a big curry tiffin that took a week to prepare.

Since that day-out for the troops five years ago, nine of the family have spent 16 months of solitary confinement and torture at the hands of the Japanese in Kuala Lumpur gaol.

They were imprisoned for co-operation with the British. Two of the boys were members of the R.A.F., one killed in action over France, the other now home again with the D.F.C. and Bar.

Two of the older girls, Winifred and Elsie, want to come to Australia. Suffering from pleurisy after their imprisonment, they have been ordered by their doctor to a dry climate for a holiday.

They have written asking for information about boarding with a homely Australian family.

Widows' marital chances

WHAT'LL you bet that a widow won't remarry? You can take it from "The American Remarriage Table" that it goes like this:

Just about twelve out of every 100 women will remarry within six years after their husbands' deaths if they're 16 to 20 years old.

Almost eight out of 100 who are 21 to 25 will remarry within six years after becoming widows.

Of those 26 to 30 only 6 in 100 will remarry within six years.

Of those 31 to 35 nearly 4 in 100 will revisit the altar, but in the 36 to 40 class only 2 in 100 remarry, and 45 to 50 class drop to 1 in 100.

Odds against remarriage increase with age.

A message from our New York Office says this tabulation was worked out by the Casualty Actuarial Society after the manner of insurance companies' expectation-of-life tables.

This was done just before the war, and it may be that postwar widows will reshape the odds one way or the other.

* * *

WE were entranced recently to find an establishment calling itself the Modern Magic Shop. We can well appreciate the difference between old-fashioned, corny stuff and really streamlined modern magic.

The proprietor also offered to teach magic the right way. It's pretty easy to imagine the dire results of magic taught the wrong way.

We like best the stock of magician's wands; "nicely balanced, triple purpose." Though what the purposes were, the display card didn't say.

No horseman

THE American stage star, Alexander Gray, who is visiting Australia with his wife, formerly Joy Flower, of Sydney, tells an amusing story against himself.

When he was playing the role of the dashing "Red Shadow" in the musical comedy, "Desert Song," in Chicago, he received numerous invitations to visit country homes and enjoy a day's riding.

"Unfortunately, although I was portraying a role which apparently called for skilled horsemanship, I was no horseman," he said.

"But I decided to have some lessons and hired a horse from a riding-school and set off in the park.

"I was rather embarrassed to find some of my youthful fans following me, even more embarrassed when I discovered that when the horse cantered I was bouncing up and down and looking most undignified.

"I tried to hold myself in the saddle by gripping the back of it, but in one bump came down with such force that I dislocated my wrist.

"I got off the horse and walked sadly back to the stables and then to the doctor.

"I appeared that night as usual, only I was a 'Red Shadow' with a large, bandaged hand, and I didn't feel at all dashing."

"Anyone lose an arrow?"

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WE ARE . . . YOURS

● Dog breeders throughout the country are getting ready for a postwar boom in canine buying, with kennel clubs reporting increased interest in all breeds of small, well-dispositioned dogs. Returned servicemen may popularise breeds little known here — such as Boxers, Pinchers, Springers.

A more specialised market in field dogs has always been in existence; breeders expect that this will increase as more sporting equipment becomes available. Field trials as conducted in the U.S.A. will greatly add to popularity. Our dog expert has a word to say on the temperaments, habits, and characters of the breeds shown on these pages.

TRUSTWORTHY. Or those teeth don't mean a thing. The British Bulldog loves children, never looks for trouble, weighs 50lb. Bred for strength, determination

INTELLIGENT. He's a Doberman [illegible] tough and a stickler for raw [illegible] dinner; easy to train. Used for po[illegible] and guard duty in U.S.A. Non-[illegible]

PUP. He's three months old and a Wire-haired Terrier who's thinking of rats already. Learns tricks.

NOBLE. That's how experts describe our [illegible] dewlap and all. He's companionable too, not ju[illegible] Our pal's dark tan in color, likes to play if he [illegible]

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ERY FAITHFULLY

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ELEGANT. Docile and affectionate, he'll never harm a bird he brings back. English Setters' spots can come in lemon, liver, blue, or white.

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What Really Happened

THERE were dances at the country club, and Elsa walking in the moonlight with Jeff. I danced with Drew and pretended it was the one thing in the world I wanted to do. And swimming at midnight—with Elsa and Jeff disappearing, while I hoped Drew was as stupid as he sometimes appeared.

And then—the night things happened!

We'd been to the pictures in Richardsonville—three cars full of us. And we'd come back to Hilltop. Everyone was drinking a lot, and everyone was very gay.

And Elsa and Jeff left the dining-room, where we were all talking and laughing, and went out through the french doors on to the terrace. How many of the others noticed I don't know. I pretended I'd had too much to drink. I threw my arms around Drew. If I'd only known! But all I knew was that I wanted him not to think of Elsa at all.

I breathed a sigh of relief when those two got back finally, after too long a time, Jeff looking uncomfortable and Elsa with starlight still in her eyes. It was late, then, and guests began to depart with the usual flurry. I noticed an odd thing. Jeff Tregar detached himself from the others and strolled back into the living-room! I'm sure, now, that I'm the only one who saw him.

The others went away. Jeff didn't appear. And no one seemed to miss him.

We went back into the living-room for a moment. I looked round. I didn't see Jeff Tregar. I told myself it was my imagination that one of the longest curtains in front of the windows moved a little.

We went back into the dining-room for a nightcap. I watched Elsa. Did she seem on edge too? Waiting!

We went up the stairway, Elsa and Drew turning to the right. I turned, with the Blackburns, to the left.

The rest is record. The way it was supposed to have happened, anyhow.

We all went to bed. Later, there was a knock on my door. The Blackburns heard that. They didn't hear an answer and agreed that whoever had knocked once had gone away. The carpets were soft and thick-piled. There had been no audible footsteps, just the knock on the door.

And we had all slept, then. So we testified, when the time came. And in the morning Drew Richardson was discovered by Barney, lying shot to death on the library floor!

There was a revolver in his hand, with a clumsy attempt at putting Drew's own fingerprints on it. But the fingerprints were not where they'd have been if he had shot himself. And it had been wiped clean of all other prints before being placed in his hand!

All the doors and windows on the main floor were locked, just as we had left them the night before.

I can't go into those first hours, those first days, even now. Policemen and detectives swarming all over the place.

I answered a hundred questions. The Blackburns answered questions: told exactly my story. Elsa answered questions, too. She and Drew hadn't gone into their private living-room at all. They had separated in the hall. They were both tired; they'd had a strenuous day. They'd said good-night, entered their own bedrooms.

Everyone was horrified when Elsa was arrested for the murder of her husband!

Continued from page 5

At that, the town stood by her. The family, too. No one came forward with any damaging testimony.

The Blackburns and I were held as material witnesses. We were allowed bail and could have gone back to New York. But they stayed on, as I did.

Elsa, of course, was not allowed bail. She stayed in the Richardsonville gaol.

All the guests who had been at Hilltop that night were called as witnesses, but their questioning was routine.

A lawyer had come on from New York to represent Elsa. The Richardsons had seen to that. If it had been anyone else in the world, the rest of this would be different. For in spite of everything else that was happening the first time I looked at him, my heart turned over a couple of times—and I was in love.

He had arrived weeks before, right after Elsa had been arrested. He, too, had lived at Hilltop. He hadn't paid much attention to me, but there he was. Bill Granton, big, steady-eyed, dependable. For the first time in my life I wished I were different—a person I hadn't even thought I wanted to be.

All the witnesses gave routine answers to routine questions. The district attorney was calm as he asked the questions. If there had been anything else——

Then the jury rendered their verdict. And Elsa was free!

There was no one else to arrest. Nothing else for the police to do. They'd arrested Elsa—and made a pretty poor case of it. They didn't have nearly as good a case against anyone else. Elsa had loved her husband. Everyone had testified to that. Even the servants had told, under oath, that there had been no quarrels, no reason for violence.

There was some talk that Jeff Tregar was suspected—but nothing came of that.

And that's all that ever came of it. I asked Elsa if she wanted me to stay on with her, but she said she didn't want anyone; she was going to arrange her affairs, come to New York.

So, with the Blackburns, I went back to New York.

When Elsa came back to New York she was different. Quieter. Not quite so undisciplined. Distant, too. We've never been as intimate since then. I don't know what she knows. Did Jeff Tregar see something? Did she? We've never talked about it.

She did tell me Jeff left Richardsonville soon after the trial was over.

"I thought you'd marry him," I said.

"I did, too, once. I couldn't imagine anything more wonderful than having money—and Jeff, too."

"You don't love him any more?"

"No, that ended. Suddenly."

"You don't think that he——"

She gave me a long, steady look. "No. I don't think he shot Drew," she said.

Maybe Elsa knows more than she told me. I don't know. And I'll probably never know what she knows.

She took a house; had it done over very conservatively by one of New York's smartest decorators. She settled down, giving a few conservative dinner-parties, going with very quiet, very correct people. When she met—and married—her present husband, no one was surprised. He's well-born, rich in his own right. Attractive, too.

She met him just after Barbara was born. And that was eight months after Drew Richardson was killed.

So you see how seeing Elsa Vaile at a cocktail party brings the whole thing back to me. Richardsonville. The—the accident. The trial. More than that—the truth about the murder of Drew Richardson. If Elsa knows that —— But perhaps no one knows it but the murderer! But I know what really happened that night.

You see, I murdered Drew Richardson.

I don't believe it myself when I see it written down like that. I don't believe it at all, except when I close my eyes sometimes at night—before I go to sleep.

Then the whole thing comes back to me. That night at Hilltop. The crowd, gay and drinking, not dreaming that was to be their last party at Hilltop.

I went to my suite that night, put on a negligee. I thought I'd read for a while.

And then there was that knock on the door! Only, actually, I didn't do just nothing at all. I went to the door.

There stood Drew Richardson. His eyes looked bleary. I knew he'd been drinking, but in the few minutes since I'd seen him he seemed to have gone to pieces. I felt sorry for him.

"What do you want?" I whispered. I didn't want the Blackburns to hear, though there wasn't any special reason—then. Maybe I'd just learned discretion.

"I want to talk to you." His voice was a whisper, too.

"All right. I'll come downstairs."

I closed the door noiselessly after me. He followed me down those thickly carpeted stairs. We went to the library.

"What do you want?" I asked, after I'd curled up on the sofa.

"I want you to be good to me."

"What do you mean?"

"As if you didn't know! Don't put on an act and repulse me. You and my wife! You're the same sort. She said you were her best friend."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know, all right! Right this minute she's up in her bedroom with Jeff Tregar! As if you didn't know. I bet you and she have talked it over, laughed at me. I heard him sneak into her room just now. It's the first time I've caught them together, though I've suspected for a long time. I happened to open a closet door — the walls are thin, there."

I SAID, "I don't believe you!" But I knew he was telling the truth.

"You don't?" He was sneering now. "I bet you've connived with her."

"I never have! I don't believe—"

"Oh, well, don't get on your high horse. While they are up there having a good time, why shouldn't we?"

I saw then that he was very drunk. He made a lunge for me. I tried to laugh, stood up, moved away.

"Don't do that," he said. "That isn't going to help you. You're here with me, and we're going to have our fun, too. I'm tired of being left out of things—being cheated, laughed at behind my back."

"Elsa never laughed at you," I said.

"What do you think she's doing now? Do you know what I'm going to do?"

I didn't know.

"I'm going to make love to you! And then—— Look here!"

From the library drawer he took out his revolver. The little revolver he'd had for such a long time, as was proved at the trial.

"See this?" he asked.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Well, afterwards I'm going upstairs. And then——" His eyes were strange. Narrow, and curiously light. "I'm going to blow their brains out."

"But you couldn't. You couldn't kill——"

"No?" He laughed. "Wait! You'll see! I'll show them—laughing at me, cheating me." He came over to me, the gun still in his hand.

I said: "You're drunk, Drew. Go to bed! In the morning everything will seem different."

I don't know how it happened. I'll never know, though I've gone over it a million times. I couldn't explain it to myself even half an hour afterwards. How could I ever have made a jury understand?

I grabbed at the gun. I know that. I—I think Drew was aiming it at me. I felt his hand grabbing me. There was a funny little pop. The silencer, I found out afterwards.

Actually, I didn't realise what had happened. Until Drew slid to the floor.

I was terrified, horror-stricken, in a panic of fear. I looked at the gun in my hand. Instinctively, I remembered what I'd read about fingerprints. I wiped the gun on my negligee. I put it in Drew's hand—that awful, limp, still hand! I ran up the stairs into my room.

In the morning, when the Blackburns remembered the knock on the door, I remembered it too. As far as I knew, there was no one else who could possibly remember anything more.

Of course I didn't think anyone else would be suspected. I wanted to confess, when I thought it over. But if I confessed, I'd have to stand alone or bring in so many people: Drew's threats and the reasons for them. If I were believed, then all our reputations would be blackened—Elsa's and Jeff's and Drew's. If I weren't believed or didn't tell, then I'd have to stand all alone.

I tell myself now, as I told myself then, that if Elsa had been found guilty I would have confessed. But with Elsa free, why should I have ruined reputations, made trouble, complications?

But I often wonder if Jeff, sneaking out of the house, saw things and told Elsa. Or if Elsa, trying to see if Jeff got out safely . . .

I'll never know. I don't know where Jeff is, but I'll wager he's getting along all right. And Elsa is happily married.

And I—well, I'm married to Bill Granton. When he got back to New York I met him by accident, in a cocktail bar. And when he asked me to dinner . . .

Bill's a lawyer, you know. And why should I tell what I believe my own lawyer knows?

So you see why Elsa Vaile and I had so little to say to each other at Dora Barnett's cocktail party. There was too much between us; too much to remember. And neither of us is sure how much the other knows.

Maybe some day, when we're both very old, we'll talk quietly together about what really happened. Unless by that time, like the rest of the world, we have forgotten, too.

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Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 7

PRESENTLY Mike leaned forward, paused on all fours, and then began to creep. His objective was the tarpaulin under which their supplies and equipment had been stored by the Nazis. He would move forward a couple of yards, and then pause for seconds.

A sentinel sloshed past him, muttering, not a half dozen feet away. Mike lay still and tense until he deemed it safe to crawl forward again.

At length his fingers touched a tent that he could not see until he wiped the water from his eyes. It loomed greyly, all but invisible, and he knew where he was. His mental map had been well drawn. It was headquarters. Von Steuben's shelter.

Mike did not pause, but continued his inching. He was praying that the Limey had not seen fit to place a guard over the stock pile. He groped another fifty yards and his hands touched the fabric of the big tarpaulin, pegged down for security.

With infinite caution he circumnavigated it. There was no guard—no guard visible or audible. His hands tore at a peg and then lifted the edge of the tarpaulin enough to permit him to snake under. And there, for moments, he lay, warm in that shelter and protected from rain and wind.

Then, methodically, he groped. It was like an attempt to find pieces of a jigsaw puzzle blindfolded. His hands touched leather—a belt and holster, and in the holster the weight of a long-barrelled 45 revolver. He drew it to him stealthily, squirmed to strap it about his waist.

The guns taken from the expedition—such of them as had been unnecessary to their captors — were piled together. Mike considered. One might not be missed if the pile was checked over; two might not be missed, but it would be dangerous to abstract more than that.

He looped a second belt over his shoulder, and then, crabwise, wriggled toward the spot where he had loosened the covering.

He was not content until he had pressed the peg back into its soggy hole. And then he commenced the return to his ill-protected bedroll. He was no less careful than he had been on the outward crawl. At last he reached the little area where his party was segregated, located Mr. Povah's bedroll, where the old man snored, oblivious of rain and wind, and shook him by the shoulder. Povah grunted.

"It's Bronson," Mike whispered. "Quiet."

Povah thrust out his head like a turtle. Mike's hand travelled down the old prospector's arm to his fingers, and into them he pressed one gun and holster. Mr. Povah clutched the weapon.

"Wa-al," he rasped hoarsely, his voice audible only to Mike's ears. "Wa-al, I'll be teetotal gosh darned."

"Hide it," said Mike.

"I'll swaller it," said Mr. Povah. He withdrew his head under his soggy blankets. "If you hain't a jim-dandy," he said, and then there was silence.

In the morning no one seemed to have a thought for anything but drying out. The day dawned with cleared skies and the sun rose warmly. Clothes-lines webbed themselves between small trees, and men, both friend and foe, went about scantily clad as they waited for their outer clothing to become wearable again.

"To-day," said Mike, as if it were the most important thing in life, "I shall work on my notes. It will be too messy to attempt further digging, but I shall need help listing the contents of the stone benches. I would like to make my notes as complete as possible, in case something in the future might interrupt the work."

"What could possibly interrupt it?" Kelsey asked irotically.

"If matters came to a point," Mike said, "Captain von Steuben could not reasonably refuse to take the results of my work with him. The package would not be bulky, and I think he would see the importance of seeing that it reaches the proper hands. The Germans have a high respect for science."

Kelsey bit her lip and stared at Mike as if he were some fantastic sport of nature.

"You mean," she said, "that you'd like to disclose to the world your studies here, in case the Limey decides to abolish you?"

"That," he said, "was my idea."

"And just why should he abolish you?" she asked. "I wouldn't say you had been a heavy threat to his project."

"Trouble with you," Mr. Povah grumbled into his weak coffee, "is you talk too much at the wrong time about the wrong thing. If you'd 'a' happened to be one of my wives, I'd 'a' learnt you not to go makin' observations before ye knew what ye was clackin' about."

"Why, Mr. Povah!" exclaimed Kelsey, amused rather than affronted.

"How long," asked Mr. Bobbs, "do you estimate Von Steuben will remain here?"

"Not many days," Mike said. "His men will be rested and ready to move."

Kelsey did not accompany Mike to the torreon, but remained behind in camp with her father, who, in spite of his age, was bearing the hardships and worries of the situation very well indeed.

He was grave, profoundly concerned. "For the first time in my life," he said to her, "I wish you were short and fat and plain. I fear that you are in greater danger than any other member of this party. I do not want to frighten you, daughter, but I want to prepare you. Before his identity was disclosed, it was apparent that Von Steuben found you attractive."

"That isn't exactly a sin," she said.

"Before we started on this expedition," said Mr. Bobbs, "I was worried about you. Something happened to you. I don't know what. You were changed. You became difficult. You took to wearing those colored spectacles. You were afraid of something. You did not behave naturally."

"I was disgusted," she said, "and afraid."

"Disgusted with men," he said with penetration.

"And afraid of myself," she said.

"Why?"

"Because," she said, "every man seemed to take one look at me and believe I was that sort of girl."

"And?"

"Because," she said, "I was afraid I might be the kind of girl they thought me to be."

"I thought it was something like that," he said. "I thought so."

"But what has this to do with Captain von Steuben?"

"You are a woman of another race, of an enemy race. But enemy women can be attractive. He will have no compunctions such as he might have if you were German."

"What is there that I can do?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid," said her father. And then, "It all depends on Mike Bronson."

"He's not much to depend upon," she told him bitterly.

"You are not," he told her, "a competent judge of men. Perhaps that is at the root of all your trouble."

"You mean that you have confidence in Mike?"

"I think," said her father, "that when I selected him to lead this expedition I made the wisest choice of my life."

Kelsey was impressed. She realised, now that her father had put it into words, that she, too, relied upon him. She realised that, in spite of everything, she had confidence in him. She recognised a curious sturdiness in him, and strength and patience.

BREAKING her brief silence, she went on, "But suppose the opportunity never comes?"

Her father read her mind. "There are men," he said, "who make opportunities. Mike Bronson, I believe, is one of them."

"But we're so helpless! Unarmed against trained soldiers with weapons!" Her doubts returned. "He does nothing but dig."

"That," said her father cryptically, "is why I make my bet on him."

They looked up to see Captain von Steuben approaching.

"Miss Bobbs," he said, "may I have a word with you?"

"What is the word?" she asked.

"Alone, if you please."

"I do not wish to speak with you alone."

"It may be to the advantage of all your party," he said.

She looked up into his handsome, aristocratic face with its glittering monocle, and then she shrugged.

"I suppose it will do no harm," she said, and got to her feet. She walked to a ledge of rock out of earshot and seated herself. Von Steuben stood before her and paused, marshalling his thoughts before he spoke.

"My men," he said, "will be in condition to march the day after to-morrow."

She waited for him to continue.

"Miss Bobbs," he said, and his voice was not arrogant now, "it cannot have escaped your attention on the long journey to this spot that I found myself attracted to you strongly. When I march the day after to-morrow, I ask that you go with me."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "I have not many weeks to live. It will be a miracle if I survive. Because, Miss Bobbs, I am strongly attracted to you. As a human being, I crave that my few remaining days should be happy days spent with the woman I love. With a woman who loves me, sharing my dangers, lightening my hardships, and ambitious to have her part in the glory that will be mine."

Please turn to page 31

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Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 30

VON STEUBEN'S chin was up, his face wore an expression of exaltation as he went on speaking. "Forever your name would be coupled with mine—a part of the legend. Mentioned in the songs that will be written. A heroine to generations as yet unborn."

It was fantastic, but to this man it was real. "And if I decline?" Kelsey asked.

"I have the safety of my men to assure," he said. "There will be two alternatives between which I must choose. None of your party must be permitted to reach civilisation to warn of our presence. That means that I must choose between eliminating those who are a danger to me and ensuring their silence by less tragic means."

"And this less tragic alternative?"

"My government," he said, "has taught the world the value of hostages. I am reluctant to kill if it be unnecessary. I think my choice would be to take you with me, willingly or unwillingly. As security for the silence of your party."

"You believe that would ensure their silence?"

"I do. I would require their parole. I would make it plain that the results of breaking their word would be instantly unfortunate for yourself."

"You offer me difficult alternatives," she said. "Am I to have time to decide?"

"Until to-morrow night," he said.

"I will decide before to-morrow night," she said, and got up from the rock.

. . . . . .

"So," said Mike Bronson, "they march the day after to-morrow?"

"I am to give him my decision before to-morrow night," Kelsey told him.

She had repeated her conversation with the Limey, and Mike had listened with what seemed to her stolidity. He had not been enraged, nor had he even seemed sympathetic. And now his interest seemed to be in the indicated time of departure rather than in her plight.

"It gives me a grand opportunity to be a heroine," she said. "To give my all to save you men . . . and a few bundles of Indian relics."

"So it does," he said unemotionally. "And we'd better start on the job of packing them. There'll be some mud in the torreon, but we'll have to put up with that."

"Oh," she said, "mud! Mud distresses you! Mud is a dreadful emergency. But my being dragged off is just an incident in a busy archaeological day."

He did not look at her or expostulate. He only said, "Will you tell your father that I want all our party to accompany me to the torreon? You also. We will go in fifteen minutes."

"I'm sick of your towers and your mummies and your arrows and your pottery."

"In fifteen minutes," he said. "It is not a request. It is an order."

He went from her to Mr. Povah, and the two stood with heads close together. Kelsey walked to her father where he sat upon a rock. Her face was stormy.

"Mike Bronson orders us to the torreon in fifteen minutes," she said. "Orders us!"

Mr. Bobbs arose promptly. "Are you ready to go?" he asked.

"You mean you are going to obey?"

"Certainly," Mr. Bobbs said. "It was a definite order, I understand. Definite orders are not given without reason."

Kelsey was the last to join the knot of men. Mike did not pay attention to her resentful face as he inspected briefly to see that each member of the party was equipped with what would be necessary to the day's work. As they started up the incline, Captain von Steuben confronted them.

"The entire expedition," he said, with raised eyebrows.

"The rain," said Mike. "It has made a mess. Also we wish to commence careful packing to-day. There will be work for everyone."

"Including Miss Bobbs?"

"Including Miss Bobbs. It is her assigned work to check the inventory."

"Very well," said Von Steuben ironically.

Mr. Povah nudged Mike. "Don't forgit some ropes to tie up them bundles," he said.

"I had not forgotten them," Mike said.

Von Steuben stepped aside and they filed past him to the ancient masonry, and through the breach in the thick wall to the interior. Mike became efficient, apportioning the work to be done. Everything had been photographed and labelled, and now the labor of the day was to pack with infinite care such articles as Mike desired to take away for study.

But Mike's voice, calmly issuing instructions, became too much for Maxwell. He suddenly arose from his knees and confronted Mike.

"I can't take it any more!" he said shrilly. "I won't take it! Business as usual! Don't you care what's happening, Bronson? Don't you care what's to become of Miss Bobbs? I won't go back to face it. I won't go back to look decent men in the eyes and confess that I'm alive and safe because I *stood* by and let a lot of Nazi swine carry off an American girl as a hostage. I couldn't endure it. I'd rather be knocked off and die decently. I——"

"Moderate your voice, Maxwell," Mike said incisively.

"He's right," said one o. the men.

Mike nodded, and expelled a breath. "To be sure, he's right," he said. "There is no argument about the ethics of the thing. But does it help to scream about it? Or," he asked, "did you have a specific suggestion?"

"I tell you I can't stand it!"

"Go back to work," said Mike, "and take your mind off the subject."

"I won't go back to work!" The young man was on the verge of hysteria. "I'm going to do something!"

"Such," said Mike, "as getting yourself kicked in the ribs again. Or having your head blown off. To no purpose. When you can think of a thing to do that will help the situation, I'll listen to you. But blind suicide isn't my dish." He placed a large hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Mr. Bobbs is more concerned for his daughter's safety than any of us. But he's making no wild proposals."

"Right," said Mr. Bobbs promptly. "It makes no sense merely to get yourself killed."

"You can talk like that!" the young man almost shouted.

"I told you," Mike said quietly, "to moderate your voice."

"And," said Kelsey from her seat on the stone bench, "do as Mr. Bronson tells you." She smiled at him a trifle wryly. "I promise you that when I want anybody to commit hara-kiri for me, I'll give you first chance."

Maxwell stared at her mutely, and then, face working and teeth clenched, he turned and went back to the task with which he had been occupied.

"Thank you, Miss Bobbs," Mike said gravely.

"Did I do something right . . . once?" she asked.

The sun was almost directly above the opening in the top of the tower, so they knew it was noontime. The cook went outside to make coffee and prepare a very limited luncheon, and presently he called through the opening in the wall that food was ready. They filed out and ate, under the eye of the sentry.

"None of us," Mike said, "has much appetite. But we must eat."

"I can't swallow," said Maxwell.

"Nonsense," Mike said sharply. "A cup of coffee at least."

The young man drank sullenly. Then he lifted his head as if he were about to speak, but Mike silenced him. "Little pitchers have big ears," he said, confident the Nazi would not understand the idiom. "If we're finished, we might as well get back on the job."

They re-entered the torreon, but not before Mike had spoken in his halting German to the sentry.

"Hermann," he said, "will you pass the word to Captain von Steuben that we would like to discuss with him the matter of Fraulein Bobbs?"

As if taking it for granted that the Nazi would deliver his message, he followed the rest through the breach in the ancient wall, and Mr. Povah's little eyes twinkled. They proceeded with the work, which was monotonous to all but Mike Bronson.

It was an hour before the opening into the room was darkened by the body of Captain von Steuben, who entered, stood erect, and advanced to the middle of the enclosure. He was immaculate. His monocle glittered. His strong, slender figure was erect and proud, and the set of his head contemptuous. He came in without apprehensions—one armed man in the midst of unarmed men.

"You wished to talk with me?" he asked.

"About the proposal you made to Miss Bobbs," said Mike.

"She told you?"

"Naturally," Mike answered. "We are distressed. We do not think it would be manly to surrender Miss Bobbs to you as a hostage."

"She need not come as a hostage," Von Steuben said, with a side glance toward Kelsey.

"We feel," said Mike, and there was only vague hopelessness in his voice, "that when the story becomes known—that we permitted you to take Miss Bobbs with you—we should be sharply criticised. Er—accused even of cowardice."

Von Steuben smiled thinly. "That," he said with veiled sarcasm "would be unfortunate. But what do you propose to do about it?"

"We have," said Mike meekly, "a counter proposition."

"Which is?" asked Von Steuben.

"That," said Mike, "instead of Miss Bobbs becoming your hostage, we reverse the situation, and you become ours."

Von Steuben could not believe his ears. This was stupidly incredible.

"It's a slick idee," said Mr. Povah. Von Steuben felt sudden pressure in his back. "H'ist your paws, Limey. This here trigger's got an awful easy pull."

The monocle dropped from Von Steuben's eye and splintered on the floor. For an instant, he stood in stunned silence, staring at the revolver that appeared in Mike Bronson's hand.

"Please," said Mike, "be very circumspect. No sound of any sort, please. Mr. Povah would act vigorously."

"Where," asked Von Steuben in a strained voice, "did you get those guns?"

"I—er—abstracted them during the rainstorm," Mike said. "Maxwell, will you tie the captain's hands behind his back? Securely."

"What do you expect to gain by this?" Von Steuben demanded, careful not to lift his voice.

"At least," said Mike, "it's a trading point."

"There will be no hostage now," said Von Steuben coldly. "Not one of you will leave this spot alive."

"It could turn out that way," Mike said, "but, naturally, you will not leave intact yourself. You will sit on the bench yonder, captain."

Please turn to page 33

It'll open your eyes

when you find out what tests have proved

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SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in *just one week* Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . *in just one week they look far brighter.*

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

Pt. 2.26

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Pa.16.27

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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ALREADY recognised for their excellence in pre-war years, the new Tecnico products inherit the fine traditions of "aircraft quality" so zealously built by the Tecnico organisation in war-time, when every type of Australian-built aircraft incorporated Tecnico electrical equipment.

Advanced engineering, modern styling and thoroughly honest performance characterise Tecnico products. The Vacuum Cleaner is a real engineering achievement because, while consuming less current, it has greater suction; it is light yet robust, extremely efficient but still silent and vibrationless, thanks to its dynamically balanced power unit, which also ensures greatly increased life. Equipped with a set of nine (9) attachments, the Tecnico Vacuum Cleaner makes light work of *all* household cleaning.

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MODEL 651 (top left) is a 5-valve World-Range Table Model (A.C. electric operation) in gleaming plastic moulded cabinet. (Already released.)

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What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Schemes for irrigation advocated

INSTEAD of spending millions of pounds on unification of railways, which could be left for some years, we should spend the money on extensive and up-to-date irrigation schemes, bringing water to every holding in the locality, and charging a water-rate to landowners, as is done in the city.

If this were done the farmers would have plenty of fodder for their stock and probably a surplus to sell.

All country housewives would be able to have plenty of water for their household work and they would get a thrill if they were able to keep their flower and vegetable gardens right up to the mark.

If this scheme was put into operation it woud be one step towards making those on the land more contented and attracting others to it.

Once again parts of Australia are in the grip of drought and men on the land are watching years of labor and the return they expected from it go up in smoke.

Only those who have lived and worked through droughts know the struggle and heartache of it all and realise the suffering of the dumb beasts affected by it.

£1 to Mrs. J. Hearn, Wooloogа, Qld.

To cut or not to cut

HEADMISTRESS at a school where there are pupils up to 18 years of age said the girls must not wear their hair in long bobs to their shoulders, as it was not a school-day fashion.

Do other readers think hair done in long bobs should be cut while girls are at school? What about week-ends and holidays when the older girls want to look nice?

5/- to Miss N. Bulman, 128 Davey St., Hobart.

Silence is golden

THE wireless is so pleasant when it is off. We liked its good music, its humor, and its companionship when our men were away; but a rest from it is good.

People twiddle the dial until they find something that pleases them

reasonably, but rarely do they adopt the best course and turn it off.

By adopting this self-denial (or is it self-indulgence?) a couple of nights a week one appreciates its offerings all the more when really listening.

5/- to Mrs. G. Holloway, 70 Victoria St., Sandringham, Vic.

Not so bad after all

THOUGH we women are prone to complain about enforced shopping, if we are fair we will, many of us, admit it does us no harm; and we are all the better for the effort.

Armed with shopping-bag or pram it is fun meeting other shoppers, exchanging recipes, and all too often pouring out our troubles.

Reviving ourselves with a cup of tea when we reach home, it is interesting to review all we have seen and heard. Though we may be physically weary, we are mentally refreshed.

5/- to Mrs. Mary Perry, 53 Balmoral St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Tops too tight

AN O.S. and X.O.S. size in stockings would be helpful to large women who complain that present-day stockings will not stretch sufficiently at the top to be comfortable. We buy in foot sizes. Why not combine top sizes, too?

5/- to Mrs. H. W. Redman, Coonawarra, S.A.

Better mail service

THE rapid expansion and development of trade is vital in this postwar era, so why not introduce the plan for all first-class mail matter to go by airmail at least between capital cities at ordinary rates?

5/- to John Walton, Post Office, Boyanup, W.A.

Wrong numbers

THERE are so many wrong telephone numbers on the congested lines that owners of private telephones should say their number instead of the customary, "Hello." This would save people using public telephones from wasting their twopence if the wrong number answered.

5/- to Miss S. Sayer, 18a Blair St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 31

MR. POVAH prodded with his pistol barrel, and Von Steuben obeyed stiffly.

"Now his feet, Maxwell," Mike said . . . "And I'm afraid we must insert a gag, captain. I—ah—regret the indignity, but it seems necessary; I could not really accept your parole."

Von Steuben strove to maintain dignity even as the gag was prodded into his mouth by the willing hands of young Maxwell.

"So far, so good," said Mike. "Mr. Povah, will you stand at the right of the entrance?"

Povah slouched to the designated spot, and Kelsey saw that he held in his right hand one of the repaired stone axes belonging to the ancient defenders of the stronghold. Mike thrust his head through the opening.

"Hermann," he said, "the captain orders you to enter."

The young Nazi obeyed. He stooped to enter, and as his head came through the opening, Mr. Povah brought down upon it the flat of the stone axe. Mike caught the man as he fell and dragged him inside.

"Efficiently done," he said to Mr. Povah. "Our condition improves," he said. "Markedly. We now have three pistols and a rifle, and the numbers of our captors are reduced by two. But the sentry will be missed. We need a substitute."

He studied the proportions of the young Nazi. "We seem to be of a size," he said. "His shirt is of a different color. I will exchange with him." Pulling his own shirt over his head, he replaced it with the German's garment. "With his hat," he said, "I imagine I'll fill the bill."

"But," Kelsey said tightly, "what comes next? How have we improved ourselves? They'll pen us in here. We must get out into the open."

"Not yet," said Mike.

"How about if I injun out naow like we planned?" asked Mr. Povah. "I might pick me up a maverick that's straggled from the herd."

"Not with a gun," said Mike.

Mr. Povah waggled his stone axe. "This here gives a body more satisfaction," he said, and glided out.

"I'll go with him," Maxwell said eagerly.

"No," Mike forbade. "It's a business he knows. All of you stay put. I must take the sentry's post before he is missed."

He paced up and down for three-quarters of an hour before he saw one of the escaped prisoners of war walking up the slope toward him. Mike kept his back turned and walked round the corner of the tower, so that its bulk was between him and the Nazi camp. His ears informed him of the approach of the man, who probably came to relieve the sentinel. The footsteps paused and the man called, "Hermann!"

Mike responded with a grunt. The man came on, rounded the corner, and Mike found a stone axe as efficient and satisfying a weapon as Mr. Povah had said it was. He dragged the man farther behind the tower and stripped him of weapons and ammunition. There was an Army-issue pistol and a knife. With these, Mike walked to the breach in the tower wall and thrust in his head.

"Here," he said, "is another gun and a knife. If this rate of progress continues, we shall soon all be armed."

"It can't keep up," Kelsey said. "These men will be missed."

"Without doubt," Mike said, "they will be growing suspicious. Next time I may be compelled to shoot, which definitely will give the alarm."

"And then?" asked Kelsey.

"If I am compelled to shoot," he told her, "it will be time for you to come out of the tower. The approach is not wide and there are rocks behind which we can shelter. We may be able to defend the position."

Kelsey's feelings were confused. There was high excitement and elation, there was apprehension as to the outcome, there was bewilderment at the suddenness of it all, and more present than anything else to her consciousness was the sensation of surprise about Mike.

For days he seemed to have been doing nothing, not even planning or hoping. Then, when nobody expected anything to happen, he had acted, and acted as casually as if he were brushing a fly off his sleeve.

Mike went back to his sentry-go, and the afternoon sped on its way. Mr. Povah did not return. Oddly, no uneasiness had manifested itself in the Nazi camp, but Mike put that down to the drowsy afternoon and to siestas. But the moment of curiosity and investigation would come. The men would wonder at the continued absence of Captain von Steuben and would search for him.

It was five o'clock by Mike's wristwatch when Mr. Povah spoke to him softly. Mike wheeled, and the old man grinned. He carried a rifle and a revolver.

"Take them into the tower," Mike directed. "That gives us four pistols and two rifles. Not too much ammunition."

Povah disappeared into the torreon. Mike became conscious of a stir down the declivity in the Nazi camp. Two men detached themselves and commenced to climb. Again Mike sauntered round the angle of the tower and waited. This was the moment. There were two men, and he could not deal silently with both of them.

The men came nearer and nearer. They were opposite the breach in the tower walls. As the other had done, they called Hermann, and Mike repeated the grunt with which he had answered. Close to the wall he crouched, and as the men rounded the corner he fired twice

Then as quickly as the men fell, Mike was bending over them, compelling himself to strip their bodies of weapons and ammunition.

"Come out!" he called to those inside. "The fat's in the fire now!"

To be concluded

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"VERONICA"

Smart frock for afternoon and evening wear.

This smart jumper suit is quite suitable for all occasions. It comes in a good quality leaf design printed matt crepe in charming shades of corn with green-leaf clover, French-grey with red-leaf clover, lemon with turquoise, mist-blue with cocoa, shell-pink with mid-blue, eau de nil (green) with cerise, and pale blue with rust.

The skirt is gored, and the new, wide, cap-sleeve shoulder-line is featured. The tie neckline is particularly smart.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/11 (13 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 69/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 44/3 (13 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 47/9 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/6½ extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

739

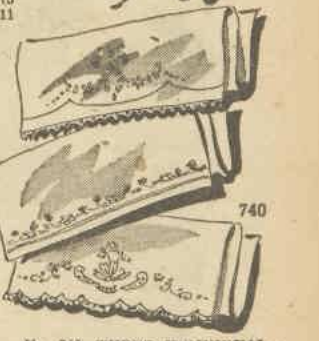
No. 739. — VERSATILE LITTLE BLOUSE IN SUMMER BREEZE

Design for this sweet blouse is obtainable traced clearly on good-wearing summer breeze, in shades of blue, lemon, pink, green, and deep cream, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

The faggoting work down the front is most attractive, and is so simple to do, too.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 9/11 (5 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 10/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 6½d extra.

• PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



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No. 740—THREE INDIVIDUAL GUEST TOWELS

Design is clearly traced on good-wearing white huckaback for these three sweet guest towels, and they are ready for you to embroider in whichever colors you like best.

Size, 17in. x 24in.

Price, 1/11 each, or 5/6 for set of three. Postage, 8½d extra.

741

No. 741 — BRIGHT, USEFUL LITTLE APRON FOR HARD WEAR

The design for this gay apron comes to you traced clearly on summer breeze in shades of blue, lemon, pink, green, and deep cream, and is ready for you to cut out, stitch together, and embroider.

It is a dainty and useful coverall style and looks most attractive.

Price 5/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 5½d extra.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Frock can be had from our Patterns Dept. If ordering by mail write to address given below.

SEND your order for Fashion Frock or Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given your State as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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N.Z.: Box 4008W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only).

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In Peace as in War

WHEN suffering has been removed from the knowledge and experience of humanity, there will be no work for Red Cross; until that Utopian day, Red Cross will exist to give comfort and help to those who need it. In time of war, Red Cross bends all its efforts to the care of sick and wounded servicemen, who must still be its first responsibility; but there is tremendous scope for its humanitarian work in the peacetime world. Services that helped thousands of the fighting forces—blood transfusion, handcrafts, library services—will be continued and extended, and new services inaugurated to help the Society in its allotted task of helping the sick, improving health and mitigating suffering.

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Red Cross maintains recreation huts in military and repatriation hospitals, providing the same service as during the war. Facilities include libraries stocked with a representative selection of books and magazines.

During the war years, thousands of cases of comforts, clothing, and necessary goods of all kinds were provided by Red Cross; this service to hospitals and convalescent depots and for civilian relief in disasters still continues.

By means of lectures, demonstrations, articles, leaflets, and broadcasts, the Red Cross Nutrition Service aims at spreading a knowledge of the necessity of good diet. A practical lead is given by the provision of milk for children in play centres.

★

For the members and discharged members of the fighting forces still in hospitals and convalescent homes, Red Cross continues to give personal service. A Red Cross worker is shown chatting with a patient in a repatriation hospital.

Red Cross employs trained social workers and medical social workers to give relief and help to ex-service men and women, particularly former prisoners of war, in the problems of readjustment to civilian life.

Junior Red Cross aims at promoting international understanding, and at spreading a knowledge of first aid and the rules of health; from the ranks of the Juniors the Society grows. Juniors here display their proficiency in first aid.

In military and repatriation hospitals and convalescent homes, in civilian hospitals, T.B. sanatoria and mental homes, Red Cross teaches handcrafts, the main function of which is the relief of tedium amongst patients.

During the war, the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service saved thousands of lives. Red Cross has now accepted the additional responsibility of maintaining a free blood transfusion service which will be available to everyone in Australia.

Adapted from full page, "Mercury," Hobart, May, 1946.

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The Scent of Honeysuckle

Continued from page 9

GLYN told her: "It was a Saturday afternoon when I came before. Like this one. In May. I was going through to Brighton to see my aunt, and she asked me to drop in here, on yours, with a message."

Catherine nodded. "They were school friends, you know."

"I know," he said eagerly. "Swapped hair ribbons and hockey-sticks way back before World War No. 1. So you see we're sort of related, you and I, through our aunts."

She laughed as though he'd made the best joke in the world. "I never could forget Mead Farm somehow. Whatever I was doing, I was struck with the idea to come back and find it just the same."

She nodded again without speaking. Her eyes looked up into his and he saw, as in a clear glass, his own rather worn face in her dark pupils. "Spirit and fire and dew . . ." the line flashed again to his mind.

Looking out into the breathless afternoon he said, "I'm expecting a friend to meet me here, by the next train."

Suddenly to his own ears it sounded strange to call Lilia a friend. A lover, perhaps, when she burdened him with troubled longing, or an enemy when she smiled that cold smile that was so belittling . . . But a friend—never.

Catherine walked over to the fireplace and took off her shady hat at the gilt-framed mirror. She said: "If it was a Saturday when you were here before, I'll be able to reconstruct every detail."

"Will you?"

"Yes, so you'll be able to have everything just the same this time."

"I'd like that fine."

"You had a kind of high tea. My aunt will never give up that fine old custom."

"That's so. After tea your aunt took me round the place. We went down through that little meadow at the back where the fruit trees are and into a field. Hymn-book Field."

"Why, you even remember the name."

"Yes and how it looked, why it's called that. Like the good Book lying open on the parson's lectern with a cleft down the middle. There was hay coming along, and . . . and . . ." he paused. What an odd emotion went with this. "Honeysuckle in the hedges round. The scent was thick."

"It's still there," she said softly. "We'll look later. After we'll——" He stopped abruptly.

What was he saying? He and Lilia would look later. Wasn't that what he had meant?

But Lilia didn't catch the train she had agreed on. Glancing at his watch, he realised that if she had come by that she would have arrived. For she would have taken a taxi, while he had dawdled over road and field-path and lane.

Well, maybe it was for the best if Lilia wasn't asked to share this high tea meal. She would probably get bored coming down, anyhow, and arrive in that mood to want to take it out on someone, to vanquish with one glance of her hyacinth eyes the atmosphere he was depending on to vanquish her.

He said, "Please don't wait tea for Lilia. I mean—that is if you want to have it soon."

Catherine hesitated, standing looking at him.

He said again, "No, really; please don't wait. She's bound to be late, she always is. In fact, I expect she'll dine in town now before she comes." There was a dryness in his tone, a wry expression on his lips.

She nodded and went out, leaving him standing looking out across the garden.

Later Glyn had only highlight impressions of that meal. He couldn't remember what they had talked about. He could recall things about it only in pictures. The gleam of silver and china, the light from the west window on Catherine's cheekbones, the charm of her strong, slender little hands pouring tea, the warm gaiety of her mouth . . . He knew there had been other things; a blackbird singing madly outside; the hot, sticky scent of petunias coming in. But funnily enough, afterwards these things, too, seemed to be merged in the recollection of things seen rather than experienced with his other senses.

And still, when the meal was over and they got up and went out into the garden, Lilia hadn't come.

They went through the side gate into the farmyard. The sun fell in long shafts through the trees and the air was drowsy. Hens clucked lazily and animals puffed and stamped in the byres; birds in the nests under the thatch had started up their crazy bedtime chirping.

Catherine took him on a round of visits; to the two newborn foals, the latest hatch-out of chickens, the pony she was going to hunt with next season.

"The nursery's my job," she told him. "I have a lot of trouble with my problem children, I can tell you; unwanted piglets and weakly chicks and calves that haven't learnt to like life well enough to want to stay in it. I have to coax them into liking it."

She stooped to set free a struggling chicken caught in the wire, and her hair fell away from the nape of her neck, uncovering its childishness, its vulnerability . . .

He stood looking down at her, listening to her talk as though from a distance, from a reverie in which, with a deep satisfaction that nothing else, he knew, could ever give him, he, too, helped small things to live; giving back life to the earth on which he had so often poured down death. Building up after battering down, this was what he had been looking for.

"There she is. Better do something about these brakes, Mac."

Still talking about the farm, she went ahead of him across the meadow near the house and through a gate into the field beyond. Hymn-book Field.

He saw it again just as he had seen it last—just as he had never stopped seeing it: the two open pages of earth covered with long grass, and down the middle the cleft of wildflowers. An ancient hymnal with an emblazoned border of briar and honeysuckle.

They stood a moment inside the gate, and then she sat down and he threw himself down full length on the grass beside her, his face turned up to the sky, dipping now at the horizon to a pale primrose.

Without any words or a single glance the atmosphere between them had changed. Her face wasn't calm any more. There was no laughter in her eyes now. A new emotion flowed between them, a tension almost unbearably sweet, but fragile.

The deep and shining hour was offering itself to him.

He said in a minute as though to himself: "It must have been second sight that made me plan to come back. Knowing all these years . . . Yes, I must have known, somehow."

Things were clear now anyhow, at last. What to do. What to try for. The future, love—everything was here. Lilia wasn't real any more. She never had been really. She was a stylised figure, made of glass. His feeling for her had only been a symptom of his frustration, his disorientation.

He said—not looking at Catherine, just letting his words trickle out into the warm, scented air: "Perhaps it was crazy, but I remember one night, over Hamburg." It was something he knew he had to tell her. "We got into a tangle with two Jerries. We were nearly done for. I thought of this place, the scent, the silence . . . I believe I cried it out aloud, 'I can smell honeysuckle,' like you did when you were a kid, crossing your fingers to keep off danger. You can't touch me now." He laughed suddenly. "Of course chaps say all sorts of things at those moments. Maybe my mind was a bit unstuck."

She made a small show of laughing, too. She said: "I think it must have been."

She was sitting very still, looking down at him, and suddenly glancing up he saw that two tears stood in her eyes, trembling on her dark lashes. He pulled himself up on his elbows and took her hands, dropping his face in them, taking their sweetness, their comfort, their sureness.

And then, the spell broke. Catherine pulled her hands away and rose to her feet. Before he had got up, too, she was hurrying away from him. She said: "No, it's a mistake. You must go."

He followed her, dazed by the sudden change of her mood. "Wait. What's the matter? What's happened?"

She said sharply, "Just that," and hurried on. "Just that you've got to go. Please do go." Her face was all broken up with anxiety, with a kind of distress he couldn't make out. "You've got to catch the nine-twenty train."

"But why . . . why on earth . . ." He held her arm as she tried to go through the gate toward the house. "Catherine, why are you getting rid of me like this? What have I said? What have I done?"

She shook her head. "No, it's me, not you. I kept something from you. All this——" she waved her hand to the field round them. "This was just a kind of magic trapped you. It isn't real, your feeling, I mean, because . . . because if you'd known you wouldn't be here with me at all."

"Wouldn't be here! Are you crazy?"

"No—no," she laughed bitterly. "You'd be on your way to the 'Red Horse.'"

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't know how I can explain." She stopped, looking down, trying for words. "Listen, this afternoon, before you came, there was a telegram for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. They telephoned it from the office the way they do. I took the message. It seemed a very cruel one. When you arrived—oh, please, do believe this—at first I didn't tell you because you looked so sort of spent, so weary of things. I thought I'd wait a little till you'd had tea and so on. It was for your sake at first."

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down at her. He asked: "And your second reason? When we'd had tea. Why didn't you tell me then?"

She said after a long pause: "That was for my own sake—that's what cancels out all this. It makes it sort of invalid, that you didn't know."

"Is that so?" he said slowly. "Is that so? And will it make it valid if I tell you what was in that message? Listen, I'll tell you. It said: 'Frightfully bored with your sentimental rendezvous, will be at the Red Horse at ten-thirty. Lilia.'"

She was staring at him. "But, Glyn, how . . .?"

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a telegram, laughed as he shook it in front of her. "A boy delivered it. I took it when you were in the kitchen getting tea."

"Before tea!"

"Yes, I knew then that Lilia wasn't coming. But I had no intention of going to the Red Horse, no intention of ever going there again, Catherine, darling . . . I want to be just where I am now, with you, like . . ."

He took her in his arms and she sighed, melting toward him, her mouth raised to his.

That kiss was the first sure moment of his new happiness, as sure as that the green coming in the sky, the new bird's note from the thicket, promised night.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Accent is no worry

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

THE only thing puzzling director Frank Launder this week, when he flew in from Ireland with a hot idea for a film, was "How am I going to get Stewart Granger to talk with a genuine Irish accent?"

Asked if he could manage it, Stewart grinned and replied immediately in an impeccable brogue, "Why, shure, me bhoy."

The secret is that Stewart's actress wife, Elspeth March, hails from Ireland.

Frank's idea was to film the drama of Irish Captain Charles Boycott.

Late in the last century, as an agent for a titled landlord, he refused to accept rents at the terms demanded by the tenants, who threatened his life, forced his servants to leave, tore down fences, and had his friends withhold mail and food deliveries.

Since then his name has been commonly used in many foreign languages.

* * *

COMING soon to Britain is a small Italian film made on a shoestring, with amateurish scenery and little lighting—the Italians could not get powerful arms—but, like its Swiss counterpart, "The Last Chance," this picture, "Open City," has already been hailed in America as an all-time classic of its kind.

The realism of the story, which was filmed by anti-Fascists in Rome after the liberation and deals with the underground struggle against the Nazis and Blackshirts, resulted in a five-month run in New York.

* * *

WHEN Hollywood star Lizabeth Scott, before leaving for home by plane, hurried up Bond Street to snatch a typical British souvenir like some Wedgwood or pewter or tweeds, she got no farther than a pet-shop window, from which a small pup ogled her.

And the souvenir of her English visit which Lizabeth bore in triumph to her plane was a small French poodle.

* * *

ARTHUR RANK has tempted bald, chubby Sydney Box, successful producer, who has so far been independent of his giant film combine, to succeed Gainsborough's chief producer, Maurice Ostrer, who walked out after a disagreement.

Though this is only one of the series of offers, including one from Hollywood's David Selznick, Sydney Box is likely to accept if he can keep the individuality which, since starting in 1936, has brought him phenomenally rapid success, culminating in "The Seventh Veil."

THE mantle of stardom can now be officially stated to have settled on the shoulders of handsome Derek Bond, now playing the lead in "Nicholas Nickleby."

He has received his first request for a lock of his dark, wavy hair.

Derek told me that he has also just received his first Aussie fan letter from Victor Harbor, South Australia.

* * *

THIS week's British screen laurels go to Deborah Kerr, when the witty spy film of Individual Pictures, "I See a Dark Stranger," made its world debut.

Deborah, too, mastered an Irish accent superbly to portray a hot-tempered colleen who embarks on a spy career.

THE most original scrapbook among the stars belongs to Two Cities' new film beauty, Pamela Matthews.

She saves the doodlings she makes while thinking, telephoning, composing a letter, or listening to speeches, and has pasted them into a book.

"One day I am going to have them psycho-analysed to find out all the dark secrets lurking in my mind," Pamela smiled.

Her other hobby is to turn on the radio and paint whatever fantasies the music dictates to her imagination.

FAMOUS DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock has a film discussion with co-stars Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant during the making of RKO's "Notorious," in which the two stars are teamed for the first time.

BEAUTIFUL Hedy LaMarr and her husband, John Loder, photographed by Nat Dallinger on their way out from dinner at Ciro's.

Flight of rocket ship to moon is plot of new film

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Diana Productions, under the guidance of producer-director Fritz Lang, who has formed the company with Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, plan to film the story of a rocket ship's flight to the moon.

I TALKED to Lang as he drank coffee while going over the script in his office.

The red-headed, magnetic director's eyes twinkled through his heavy spectacles as he told me. "In Germany I made a film in 1926 titled 'Girl in the Moon.'

"The story involved the space ships which we are designing in this country to-day.

"I designed and built models, which the German Rocket Society studied in its research programme."

German V1 and V2 rocket bombs were based on the rocket ship ideas which the Nazis confiscated when the society was disbanded after they came to power in the early 'thirties, and they seized the prints of Lang's film.

"I am sending my assistant, Miss Min Selvan, to Germany to try to locate the film, which may prove to be interesting to scientists in this country, and also as background material for my new picture, which is based on the idea of a rocket flight to the moon."

Lang specialises in strong dramas and told me he was happy to learn that his last film, "Scarlet Street," was so successful in Australia.

"I believe that honesty in pictures is essential," he said.

"Too many films portray a quick war wedding resulting in eternal bliss.

"But in reality our divorce statistics are alarming.

"We need to use pictures to show stark facts in ungarnished drama."

Lang admires his star and the organisation's secretary and treasurer, Joan Bennett.

"Joan sits at all of our board meetings.

"She is far from being a silent partner, but shows keen business sense and has definite views as to which stories we will buy and in which she will star.

"She is very easy to direct and intelligently discusses each problem without a display of temperament.

"Our company is named after Joan's older daughter, Diana.

"Joan is very enthusiastic over the 'Flight to the Moon' story, which we are doing soon.

"We feel that we have a slight edge on the atom bomb stories, which are now before the cameras, as we are filming the project before it takes place."

EVERGREEN popular actor William Powell sets a Hollywood summer fashion for men with his informal white lounge suit. He soon will be seen in "The Hoodlum Saint," an MGM release.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ WAY TO THE STARS

VOTED by English audiences as the best English picture for 1945, the Two Cities production released by United Artists should do well here. A long list of stars, headed by Michael Redgrave, John Mills, and Rosamund John, do a grand job with the story of Anglo-American relations among members of the respective air forces.

Honest, intelligent, and gripping from start to finish, with many flashes of humor, the film concentrates on the ground life of the fliers. There are no aerial fight scenes, and practically the whole action takes place in an R.A.F. camp and the nearby village.

Though Redgrave, Mills, and Douglass Montgomery are excellent, top honors go to Rosamund John for her living portrayal of a hotel manageress who has to cope with the noisy visitors in spite of her own personal tragedy. Charming little Renee Asherson has a romantic part opposite John Mills.—Embassy; showing.

★★ THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S return to films after his long U.S. Navy service is accented by his first picture, a gripping story of Navy torpedo boats in Manila Bay.

MGM have given the popular star a good role as Lieutenant John Brickley, chief character in William White's book on which the film was based. Co-starring with Montgomery is John Wayne.

The two lieutenants are in command of torpedo boats before the war. Montgomery is an enthusiast about their value and Wayne a doubter. Jap invasion of Manila Bay gives the boats their chance.

A romance between John Wayne and Donna Reed as a nurse is not overemphasised, and the long cast of men do more to make the story impressive. Included among them are Jack Holt, Ward Bond, Donald Curtis, Paul Langton, and Marshall Thompson.—Capitol; showing.

★★ CAPTAIN KIDD

THE stirring adventures of swashbuckling pirates in the late 17th century in this Benedict Bogeaus production released by United Artists is so well directed by R. V. Lee that the story never flags. Movement is always swift and sure.

Charles Laughton as Kidd gives a top standard performance. He double-crosses his fellow pirates when he gives safe conduct to treasure-laden vessels of the King.

In the second half of the film romantic interest is introduced in the form of Barbara Britton as Lady Anne Falconer. So insipid is she that she makes little difference.

Randolph Scott is the other half of the romantic team.—Empire; showing.

★★ RENEGADES

THE compact running time of Columbia's technicolor Western adds greatly to its entertainment.

Larry Parks, who is new to Australian audiences and one of Columbia's hopefuls, is a personable young man who rides, shoots, and makes love with the best of them. He seems good screen material.

Decorative Evelyn Keyes, another improving young player, looks beautiful as the heroine who turns first to hero doctor Willard Parker, then to renegade bandit Larry Parks, and finally back to the honest Mr. P.

The usual Western formula is followed, but a crisp script and excellent photography are on the credit side.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ THE DARK CORNER

MEMORIES of Clifton Webb's superb performance in "Laura" will be revived by his equally good job in this drama from Fox.

There are plenty of other points of interest, notably the appearance of Lucille Ball in a straight role, the promising work of handsome Mark Stevens, the return to drama of brawny William Bendix, and the brief but effective acting of lovely Cathy Downs.

Sharper editing of the script would have improved the film.

Story deals with Stevens as a private detective who has served a gaol sentence after being framed by Kurt Kreuger, his former partner.

Miss Ball is his secretary, and they become involved in a plot by Clifton Webb, who has hired Bendix to kill Kreuger for his attention to Webb's wife. When Kreuger is out of the way Webb gets rid of Bendix and tries to pin the murder on Stevens.—Mayfair; showing.

★ GANGS OF THE WATERFRONT

NOT to be taken seriously, this little number from Republic is based on one of those stories when a respectable citizen is the double of a gangster. Robert Armstrong has the dual role of the taxidermist who resembles a gangster and takes his place to avenge the killing of a brother. His performance is only average.

Stephanie Bachelor is the heroine, and that incredible blonde Marion Martin appears as the gangster's girl-friend.—Lyric; showing.

★ THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

THE wisdom of adapting James Cain's thoroughly unpleasant and over-sexy book as film entertainment is open to opinion.

MGM have done the job, starring Lana Turner and John Garfield and featuring Cecil Kellaway. Even with the eagle eye of the censor apparent, the result is tough stuff indeed.

The luscious blonde Miss Turner has the role of Cora, who murders her husband (Cecil Kellaway) because of her infatuation for worthless Frank (John Garfield).

The weakness of the couple and their fear of the retribution which finally overtakes them is well portrayed by both stars. Miss Turner's almost completely white wardrobe is cleverly planned to contrast with the murkiness of Cora's nature.

As the husband, Cecil Kellaway is guilty of overacting, a rare mistake for this competent player.

Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, and Audrey Totter are useful members of the cast, but the sordidness of the story overshadows everyone.—St James; showing.

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Film fur fashions

● *SUSANNA FOSTER (Universal) models a luxury frock of silver lame trimmed with wide bands of sable to give a jacket effect to the simple lines of the dress.*

● *JINX FALKENBERG (Columbia) faces a wintry day wrapped in a magnificent dark brown mink coat with the new huge sleeves. Her ice-blue feather hat matches frock trimming.*

● *JANE WYMAN (Warners) shows the perfect finish to a smart rough tweed mustard-yellow suit with a double stole of sable to match her brown accessories.*

● *ALEXIS SMITH (Warners) gets many envious looks when she appears in this snow leopard hip-length jacket. She tucks a chiffon scarf at the collarless neck-line.*

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1 **RETURNED** from World War I, Terry O'Neill (Powell) meets well-meaning but lazy pals, Snarp (Gleason) and Eel (Summerville).

2 **AT SOCIETY WEDDING** Terry meets Kay (Williams) and business magnate Malbery (O'Neill). He finally gets a job with Malbery when journalistic career ends with sale of paper following libel action.

3 **TRYING** to keep his worthless friends out of trouble, Terry arranges with night-club singer Dusty (Lansbury) to establish secret fund for their benefit.

4 **FUND** is called after Dismas, patron saint of thieves, and Snarp welcomes Terry to meeting, where portion of fund is to go to the poor, as men believe that Saint provided money.

The Hoodlum Saint

SCREEN appearances of William Powell have been few and far between in recent years. In "The Hoodlum Saint" he plays in his first picture for more than 12 months. With his wife, Diana, Bill Powell lives at Palm Springs and only comes to Hollywood when he is working. This current film is a semi-dramatic story beginning just after World War I, and ending in 1930. Lovely Esther Williams plays opposite Powell and Angela Lansbury is also featured.

5 **STOCK MARKET** crash causes Terry to lose his money, and in effort to start job again his health collapses.

6 **RETURN** of Kay and breaking a plan to rob famous Dismas Charity Fund bring happiness to Terry.

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Give the kiddies a drink of Milo before they go to school, and again when they arrive home, and don't forget their bedtime cup of Milo too. Not only will Milo give them that comforting warmth, taken regularly it will also help to build up their resistance to colds and other winter ailments. Drink Milo regularly yourself too . . . it provides that extra warmth and energy everybody needs in winter. A delicious chocolate-flavoured blend of pure country milk and malted cereals, Milo* helps to banish fatigue, soothe the nerves and induce sound, restful sleep. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, Milo costs only 2/3 per ½-lb. tin in Metropolitan Areas.

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READ THIS REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL:-

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I can strongly recommend Clements Tonic to anyone after an illness or needing through their work a nerve or health builder. I would not be without Clements Tonic.

(Signed) Ruth Bucknall.

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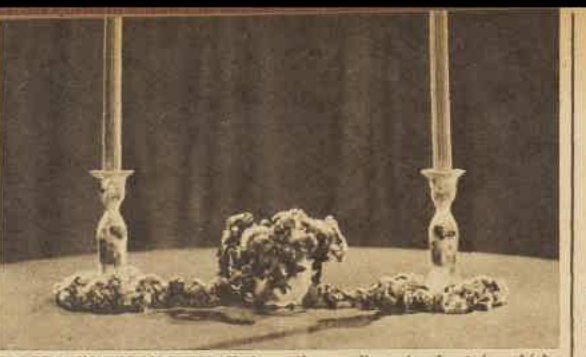

AGERATUM TRAILS AWAY from the small centre bowl in which it is arranged to twine around the two stately candlesticks. A lovely arrangement for any small flowers in season.

ERICA is used in this unusual and really lovely flower setting. Looks equally as sweet with any other dainty blooms.

FLOWER MAGIC

DURING the winter months the part played by flowers in the home is more important than ever, for they dispel gloom, bring light, color and charm to winter-weary rooms.

However, during these months flowers are inclined to be less plentiful, and, if bought, are so expensive.

It is up to you, therefore, to use your ingenuity and think up ways and means of using the flowers sparingly, and yet in such a way that they will not give the general impression of being arranged in a skimpy manner.

This impression can be created by the use of ornaments combined with the flowers. This arrangement will not only give added interest, but will also make the few blooms go much further.

For instance, your dining-room table is enhanced by the use of candlelight, so why not use candlesticks and candles as a base for your floral centrepiece?

A small cluster with trails entwining the candlesticks is a charming and inexpensive decorative arrangement.

An ordinary dinner plate and three small china figurines can give a quaint and unusual air to a few gay flowers. Without the little figures the flowers would look uninspiring, because they would not have enough body to stand alone.

CHRYSANTHEMUM arrangement which may apply to any flower with a thick foliage. Note how variation in length and stripped stems give a more interesting and charming effect.

The manner in which flowers are arranged is most important. They are so often brought home from the florist's, placed haphazardly in a bowl or vase and loosened by cutting the string tied around them. There they sit exactly as they looked in the shop window.

Do use your imagination in arranging flowers so that a little of your personality is reflected in the picture you create. And remember the thought and time involved will give a much more interesting effect.

Vary the length of stems, and strip stems of some of their foliage. This tends to give a light instead of a heavy look, and also lengthens the life of the blooms.

Prepare soil for vegetables

SPRING will come in with a hop, a skip, and a jump in about a month's time, and that suggests timely preparation for early summer vegetables.

While the soil is cold, seed germination is slow and often faulty, but in the warmer coastal areas of most States there are certain crops—mainly root vegetables—that may be safely sown.

Beetroots, carrots, parsnips, table turnips, salsify, potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes can be sown from seed or sets now along coastal N.S.W., Victoria, and South Australia, and over a very considerable part of South Queensland in the sub-tropical zone. Local practice should be followed in every case.

Leafy crops, such as cabbage, lettuce, silver beet, and spinach, can also be sown from seed, or seedlings of varieties that transplant should be set out.

Gardeners in the warmer parts of N.S.W. and Queensland can make early sowings of pumpkin, cucumbers, squash, marrow, and melons in pots of good soil under glass early in August, and these can be transplanted with the ball of soil when all danger of frosting has passed.

Tomatoes, too, can be grown under glass or canvas awnings, but should not be set out of doors until warm weather arrives. Plants that turn blue after having been frostbitten never make much further growth and should be discarded and replaced with healthy seedlings.

In favorable aspects, preferably north-east, near the coast, French beans can be sown next month.

Rhubarb crowns can also be set out in well-manured ground. Seedlings of leeks, spring onions, and all the salad vegetables that will transplant can be planted in the open.—**Our Home Gardener.**

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DUSTING furniture can be simplified by correct methods as shown above. The duster should be folded in quarters, never used all bunched up. Refolded, it presents a clean surface for each piece of furniture. If waxing, use walnut-sized piece; rub well.

UPHOLSTERED furniture can be cleaned with a shampoo specially made for the purpose. First brush well, then, using a stiffish brush or sponge, apply shampoo. See that you get into all crevices.

YOUR VENETIANS should be regularly dusted, but NOT cleaned as shown in first picture. Each blind should be dismantled, thoroughly washed, and waxed. Tapes can be laundered, and the blind painted if necessary. This job is not as hard as it sounds.

Keep your home fresh ... beautiful

● Regular grooming of your furniture and furnishings repays you far more than a yearly spring-clean.

By NORA S. McDOUGALL
Our Home Decoration Expert

IT is not only important to choose the right furniture and furnishings, but it is necessary to see that we get the longest wear possible by taking care in preserving and cleaning them.

While it is not always possible to keep our houses at the standard of perfection we would like, a little care given furniture and furnishings every day repays us.

Colors soon grey under a coating of dust, polished surfaces become dull or tarnished, the backs and arms of upholstered chairs and couches become soiled with grease-marks, painted wood-work shows the dirt quickly, and the beauty of the room is lost.

Science has entered even the housewife's domain and has tried to solve her problems by lightening her work with new ideas in ways of cleaning and new implements to do the job more efficiently and quickly.

Chemists have made commercial preparations which have been thoroughly tested and guaranteed to clean easily and without hurting paint or fabric.

Wax is still considered good for furniture, floors, and wood, helping to preserve them, but the average housewife uses too much wax and too little elbow grease, thereby merely giving a sticky surface.

Oil-painted walls in kitchens and bathrooms can be kept spotless for years without a repaint, if given a wash several times a year. Shut all doors and windows, then fill the sink or bath with very hot water and leave to steam for ten minutes. This softens the grease particles and takes the "backache" out of the job.

Now take a bucket of warm water and soap-suds, and with a well-wrung cloth work with a circular motion over the wall surface. Up-and-down scrubbing leaves streaks. Finish by running over the wall with a cloth wrung from clean water.

WALLS need regular attention. Never allow them to become too soiled, otherwise you face the heavy coat of repainting or papering. Read in the accompanying article how to clean oil-painted walls of kitchen and bathroom.

TIP FOR TYPISTES

A model typiste—Daisy Bates—
Allergic to young men and dates—
Economised on feeble lights
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Until one time she typed "Dear Sister"
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No false economy now cramps
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Here's a REAL help FOR ACID STOMACH

If you suffer after eating—heartburn, pain, discomfort, or any sign of acid stomach (hyperacidity)—the only kind of help you want is RELIEF. Prompt relief from pain and distress, such as De Witt's Antacid Powder provides, is indeed REAL help. And you get it so quickly because, amongst other fine ingredients, De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one of the fastest acid neutralisers available. That's why even a single dose often gives complete relief.

But real help means more than just neutralising acid and relieving pain. It means soothing and protecting the inflamed lining of the stomach, so that the next meal will not be an added burden to an overtaxed digestive system. Thus, food is properly digested, the strain is relieved, and the pain is taken out of eating. Then Mother Nature, the greatest of all healers, has a chance to do her own good work. That's half the secret of De Witt's Antacid Powder's success . . .

So, if your meals are followed by pain, if you are distressed by heartburn or a sour uncomfortable feeling after eating, turn to De Witt's Antacid Powder and obtain REAL relief. Try this wonderfully effective remedy without delay and eat and enjoy your meals without having to "pay for it" afterwards. Get a tin to-day and see how much better you feel—after the first dose.

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
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MASONITE gives you a 3 in 1 Room

A NEW IDEA FOR HOME APARTMENT HOUSE OR SEASIDE BUNGALOW

The present limitations on home-building mean that we must design with two main factors in mind (1) full utilisation of every cubic foot of space (2) provision for future extensions. On to-day's costs, it is difficult to build a home of a standard with which most of us would be likely to remain permanently satisfied. It becomes essential, therefore, to apply thought and ideas to every cubic foot of space. Masonite publishes this idea of the 3-in-1-room as an encouragement to such thought.

THE LIVING ROOM

Above you see the 3-in-1-room as a living room. The beds and the dining table are folded away into the right-hand wall, the floor is of 3/16in. Masonite Tempered Presdwood . . . the steel-strong, wear-defying hardboard which, besides being inexpensive, is easy to apply. The cupboards are of Masonite Presdwood (3/16in. or ¼in.) lacquered or enamelled to harmonise with the general colour scheme of the room.

The illustrations and the plan below make the idea of the 3-in-1-room quite clear. It is a scheme whereby comfortable living can be assured for two people who, later on, may plan to add bedrooms and convert the bed-cavities into bookshelves or cupboards, and so provide a spacious living room for the completed home.

THE DINING ROOM

When mealtime approaches a neat, Masonite-topped table swings out from its recess all ready for the *tete a tete* or for any larger gathering. When its presence is no longer a convenience—back it goes into its hide-out and remains out of sight and out of mind.

AND A MASONITE STORAGE WALL

This sketch shows how one entire wall of the living room becomes a "Storage Wall" accommodating essential household goods and chattels. You'll find Masonite Presdwood the ideal material for this ingenious, practical, space-saving idea.

THE BEDROOM

As with the dining table, so with the beds. They're there when you want them, but they never intrude. You'll do well to discuss the Masonite 3-in-1-room with your architect. It will help to solve many a living problem for you until the day when normal building can be resumed. Remember—Masonite Tempered Presdwood for the floors, Masonite Presdwood for the cupboards, Masonite Temprtile for the bathroom.

MASONITE
THE WONDER BOARD OF 1000 USES

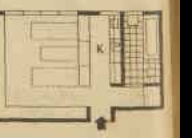
PRESDWOOD

TEMPERED PRESDWOOD

TEMPRTILE

PLAN FOR A 1946 HOME

This plan suggests one way in which the 3-in-1-room can be fitted into a "minimum" house designed for future extensions (extra bedrooms and possibly a separate dining area, etc., when restrictions are lifted). In the kitchen Masonite cupboards line the two long walls above and below working surfaces. The bathroom is lined throughout with Masonite Temprtile.



A product of the Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Ltd., Sales and Service Division: 369 Pitt St., Sydney; 529 Collins St., Melbourne; 337 Queen St., Brisbane; 31 Chesser St., Adelaide.

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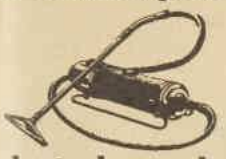
3 OILS for the price of ONE!

No wonder your



lasts longer!

Unlike any other oil of its kind, 3-in-One Oil is actually *three oils in one.* Instead of just a mineral, vegetable, or animal oil—you get a perfect *concentrated* blend of *all three.*

That is why 3-in-One Oil does the three big jobs your household oil *should* do — (1) lubricate, (2) guard against rust, (3) clean away dirt and abrasives. So insist on the truly economical oil — the oil that gives you *three* oils for the price of one.

3-IN-ONE OIL

I KEEP FIT
-and so can You!

Beecham's Pills will quickly relieve a sick headache, and restore the stomach, liver and bowels to normal efficiency. They're purely vegetable, safe and reliable.

1/- and 2/6 per box.

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Prevent **COLDS and INFLUENZA**

You can't depend upon "wrapping up" and "taking care" to get you through treacherous wintry weather without colds and influenza. You CAN depend upon Anti-Bi-San Tablets to give to your system the resistive powers to avoid catching these complaints. *Anti-Bi-San reinforces your natural resistance to infection.* The tablets do this seven days after completion of the safe and simple three-day course now available to all. It is completely successful in a very high percentage of cases.

'ANTI-BI-SAN'

COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS
11/3 Adult; 9/- Child.
Write for leaflet to
Sole Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

GRAND FOR WINDY DAYS, this smart little flatterer, which hails from America, and was quite the craze there last winter, will make you look your loveliest. Knitting beginners will find it simple to make; cost is trifling.

You knit it!

SMART TIE-ON HAT

● To give added smartness to your winter and early spring outfits, knit this attractive tie-on headpiece. It's so quick and easy to make.

ORIGINAL was knitted in honey and brown, a super combination, but knit yours in whatever colors you like best.

Scarlet and white is striking, and you'll love powder-blue and navy, black and shocking-pink, or navy and white.

Materials: 2 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof crochet wool, or 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2317 (honey); 1 skein shade No. 2123 (brown); 1 pair No. 9 needles.

Tension: 6 sts. 1in., 8 rows 1in.

Using No. 9 needles and brown wool cast on 156 sts.

1st and 2nd Rows: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to end.

3rd and 4th Rows: * P 1, k 1, repeat from * to end.

Repeat these 4 rows for 3in. Change to honey wool, k 1 row, then work the 4 rows of pattern, decreasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 140 sts., then every row until decreased to 60 sts. Cast off very loosely. Work 1 row of d.c. round edge.

Reasons why your children may seem dull, inattentive

● If your child suffers from earache or is hard of hearing, seek medical advice immediately. Adenoids may be the cause.

By MEDICO

"I DON'T know what has come over Johnny," complained Mrs. Wilson. "He's not doing well at school; he is always asking me to repeat what I ask him, and he doesn't seem to understand what I tell him."

"Does he breathe through his mouth?" I asked. "Has he had ear trouble?"

"Johnny does seem to breathe through his mouth, and he had the earache several times early this year," replied Mrs. Wilson.

I examined Johnny's ears and throat and found that he had enlarged adenoids. His hearing was defective as the result of the adenoid growth at the back of his nose.

"But how can adenoids affect his hearing?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"There is a narrow tube which runs from the inner side of the eardrum to the back of the nose," I explained. "An overgrowth of the adenoid tissue at the back of the nose can cause inflammation which will spread up this tube to the ear."

"Is that why he had earache?" she asked.

"It is quite likely," I assured her. "It is a pity you didn't bring him to see me when he had the attacks."

"But every child gets earache now and again," she said.

"Unfortunately, earache in children sometimes causes deafness, and this may be permanent," I replied.

"In Johnny's case, the removal of his adenoids may cure his trouble. The principle that all earaches should receive medical care still stands."

There are eight items in the child's earache programme:

1. It is dangerous to box the ears of a child.
2. High diving and underwater swimming can force infected materials into the ear.
3. Nose blowing with both nostrils closed can spread the infection up through the tubes leading to the ears.
4. Have early medical advice for earache or a running ear.
5. Watch for mouth breathing.
6. Teach the child to open the mouth when sneezing, but to cover the nose and mouth with a hanky.
7. Before scolding a child for being dull and inattentive have his hearing checked.
8. Slowness in learning to talk can be due to poor hearing.

GOLD! HISTORY tells us that the discovery in 1851 of gold in Victoria did much to encourage the success and prosperity of the State. One authority reported:- "So great were the numbers setting off for the goldfields of New South Wales it seemed likely that Victoria would sink into a very insignificant place among the Australian colonies. In alarm, a number of leading citizens united to form the 'Gold Discovery Committee', and offered a reward of £200 for the first intimation of gold within 200 miles of Melbourne."

The first useful discovery seems to have been made at Clunes on 1st July by a Californian named Esmond, who—despite the counter-claims of a party which made a simultaneous discovery at Anderson's Creek (near Warrandyte) "received honours and emoluments as the first discoverer. Within a month," continues the historian, "Ballarat took rank as the richest goldfield in the world. Ten thousand men were at work on the Yarrowee . . . toiling beneath the ground to excavate the soil and pass it to companions who hurried to the creek, where twelve hundred cradles, worked by brawny arms were washing the sand from the gold."

It was Ballarat and its goldfields which first attracted Thos. Swallow, founder of Swallow & Ariell. But according to a eulogy of a later day, "the scope of his ambition was not to be limited within the bounds of a provincial town, however flourishing . . . He returned to the metropolis, and with characteristic foresight, seized upon a business site on the sea-board . . ."

SWALLOW & ARIELL
LIMITED
LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY SINCE 1854
MAKERS ALSO OF THE FAMOUS SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDINGS, CAKES, AND ICE CREAM

right as rain . . . thanks to **LAXETTES**

Everyone needs a laxative sometimes . . . a gentle, effective, non-habit-forming laxative . . . a laxative that may be given safely to quite young children . . . in fact, Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, packed in tins for your protection. . . 18 for 1/7

the Gentle & effective laxative

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2 sure ways to any man's heart..

says Marjory Carter, "Aerophos" Cookery Expert

HOT MORNAY SHORTCAKE

(Try with a filling of creamed vegetables, chicken, rabbit or fish)

8 ozs. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos".
½ level teaspoon salt.
1 level teaspoon dry mustard.
¼ level teaspoon cayenne pepper.
2 ozs. butter.
¾ cup grated cheese.
1 egg.
About ¾ cup milk.
3 cups thick white sauce.
3 cups cooked vegetables (mixed, or use sweet corn, mushrooms, or asparagus for special occasions).
Little extra grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, mustard and pepper. Rub in butter. Add cheese and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly, roll to a round half an inch thick. Cut into 6 or 8 wedges and fit together on a greased tray. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Split while hot and fill with hot vegetable mixture in the hot white sauce. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and return to oven to glaze. Serve hot. For six.

ORANGE DOUGHNUTS

8 ozs. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos".
½ level teaspoon salt.
½ level teaspoon cinnamon.
1 level teaspoon grated orange rind.
1 oz. butter.
½ cup sugar.
1 egg.
2/3 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt and cinnamon. Add orange rind. Rub in butter. Add sugar. Stir in beaten egg and milk, mixing to a soft dough. Turn onto a floured board. Knead lightly into a smooth round shape. Roll to a quarter-inch thickness and cut into rings with two cutters. Fry in deep hot fat, turning doughnuts several times, until golden brown, 2 or 3 minutes. If the fat is too hot they do not cook through; not hot enough they are greasy. Drain on kitchen paper and sprinkle with sugar. Makes about 1 dozen doughnuts. Serve with hot coffee.

"AEROPHOS"*

Regd. Trade Mark

is the Self-Raising Ingredient

USED BY

ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Many brands of self-raising flour and baking powder show the "A & W" Seal on the packet as a guarantee that it contains only "Aerophos" as the raising ingredient.

THE "A & W" SEAL

* "AEROPHOS" is the registered trade mark of Albright & Wilson (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

"AEROPHOS" HAS SUPERSEDED ALL OLD-FASHIONED RAISING INGREDIENTS

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Lunch in the Sun

● Make the most of winter sunshine by setting luncheon out on the verandah table or in the garden when the sun shines. There'll be only too many grey and windy days when meals must be eaten indoors.

CRISP air and warm winter sunshine are great appetite sharpeners, so be prepared for second servings. Dishes for outdoor or semi-outdoor meals must be hot as hot, and served immediately on heated plates. Here are some suggestions, not much work involved, results definitely worth while.

By the Food and Cookery Experts to The Australian Women's Weekly.

LUNCHEON SAUSAGE ROLLS

Eight thick slices of luncheon sausage, 1½ cups fine white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ cup cooked green peas, ½ cup grated carrot, 2 tablespoons chopped, parboiled capsicum (or 2 tablespoons sweet chutney), 2 tablespoons milk (or 1 egg-yolk).

Remove skin from luncheon sausage. Combine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, peas, carrot, capsicum (or chutney); bind with milk or beaten egg-yolk. Divide into 8 portions, placing one portion on centre of each slice of sausage. Bring sides up, fasten with cocktail sticks.

Place on greased oven tray, bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) to heat thoroughly. Serve very hot with or without heated tomato sauce. Serves four.

CHEESED POTATO PIE

Two cups creamed potato, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, good ½ cup milk.

Beat potatoes smooth; add cheese, onion, parsley, salt and pepper, egg-yolk and milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Turn into greased ovenware dish, bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve piping hot with baked tomato halves and peas. Serves four.

SAVORY CHEESE SLAW

Three cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups stewed tomatoes, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 rashers fat bacon (finely chopped).

Simmer shredded cabbage 5 minutes in lidded pan with butter, water, and salt. Place in greased casserole in alternate layers with tomatoes; coat each layer thickly with cheese and breadcrumbs. Finish with a layer of breadcrumbs, top with bacon. Bake ½ hour in moderate oven (350deg. F.) to reheat thoroughly. Serve hot with crisp toast fingers. Serves four.

FRENCH KIDNEY CASSEROLE

Four veal kidneys, 1 cup stock, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 6 or 8 mushrooms (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 2 scant tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Remove skin and core from kidneys, soak 15 minutes in warm salted water. Cut each kidney into four, simmer 5 minutes in stock with salt and pepper. Place in greased casserole, reserving stock. Melt butter, saute mushrooms (peeled and chopped), and onion. Stir in flour, parsley, and stock. Pour over kidneys in casserole, cover, and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375deg. F.). Serve piping hot on toast. Serves four.

BRAIN AND HAM RAMEKINS

Two sets brains (or 1 set calves' brains), ½ teaspoon salt, ½ slice of onion, small piece lemon rind, ½ pint white sauce, 2oz. chopped ham or cooked bacon, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 potatoes (cooked and mashed).

Soak brains ½ hour in salted water, remove skin. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Drain, add fresh cold water, salt, onion, and lemon rind. Simmer 15 minutes, allow 25 to 30 minutes if using calves' brains. Drain and chop. Fold into white sauce, adding ham and chopped egg-whites. Line greased ramekins with creamed potato. Fill with brain mixture, top with sieved egg-yolk. Reheat 10 to 15 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with hot greens and toast fingers. Serves four.

HOT CHOKO MORNAY

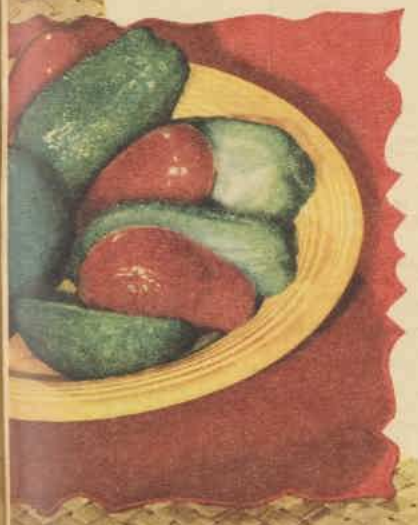
Two medium sized chokos, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ pint milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs.

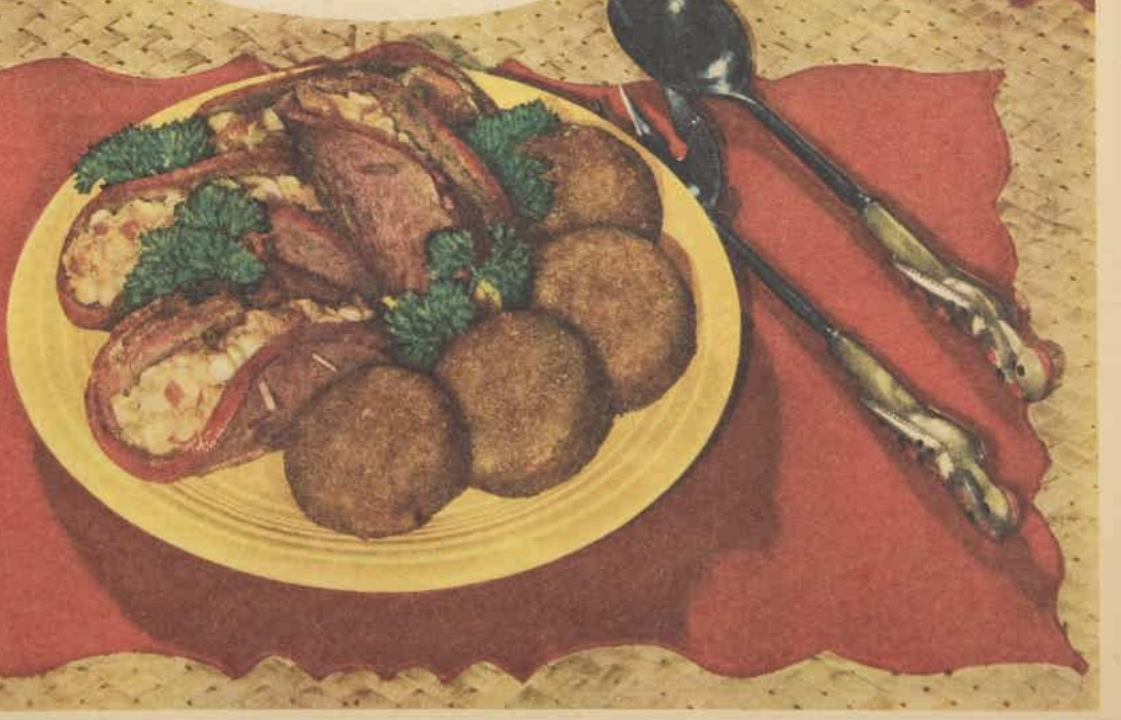
Peel chokos thinly, cut into quarters, remove seed. Cook 20 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, place in ovenproof dish. Melt butter, add flour and salt, cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in cheese, pour over chokos. Top with breadcrumbs, bake 10 to 15 minutes in hot oven, 400deg. F. Serve piping hot. For four.

PUMPKIN PATTIES

One cup mashed pumpkin, 1 cup mashed cooked sweet potato, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, egg and breadcrumbs for covering.

Beat mashed pumpkin smooth with sweet potato, salt, pepper, onion, and parsley; add breadcrumbs. Shape into patties, flouring surface lightly. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry golden-brown in fuming fat. Serve very hot. Makes about 12 patties.





USE your gayest table mats and brightest china. Make the table good to look at, the food good to eat. Luncheon sausage rolls and hot pumpkin patties make a tempting luncheon. Chokos, green salad, and crusty bread round off the simple menu.

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PIERRE'S SPECIAL by BEE

USE your favorite mock cream or lemon filling to sandwich this mocha layer cake . . . See recipe on this page. Economical, delicious, it wins a cash prize for a South Australian reader.

PRIZE RECIPES . . .
they win all the way!

● First prize this week in our recipe contest to a novel recipe for breakfast or luncheon called Scotch patties. They're wholesome and nourishing.

THE mocha layer cake can be a "special" for afternoon tea or supper . . . mock cream is a bit heavy on the butter ration, so try it with a lemon filling, or fill and top with a lemon-flavored fluffy marshmallow.

Use the cheddar savory to dispose of those left-over scones—a good way of making them hot and appetising.

Prize-winning recipes are carefully selected each week from entries submitted by readers . . . . have you entered a recipe lately?

SCOTCH PATTIES

One carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 small cooked beetroot, 1 cabbage leaf, 1 onion, 2 apples, ½ teaspoon herbs, level teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 cup rolled oats, ½ cup water, 1 egg.

Soak rolled oats in water 15 minutes. Grate carrot, parsnip, beetroot, chop apples and onion; shred cabbage finely. Combine vegetables with herbs, salt, cheese, flour, rolled oats; bind with beaten egg. Shape into patties, coat with flour and fine browned crumbs. Fry slowly in heavy frying pan, thickly greased. Turn to brown. Serve very hot with tomato sauce, or add to the lunch box when cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Jorgenson, Yula Yulo, Kelso, N.S.W.

SWEET DATE SAUCE

Three-quarters cup chopped dates, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour.

Place dates, water, sugar, lemon rind and juice in a small saucepan; simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add blended arrowroot or cornflour, simmer 2 or 3 minutes, stirring. Serve hot with baked or steamed sponge puddings. Makes a good sandwich spread when cold, adding chopped peanuts if desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. L. Partington, 62 Cudmore Terrace, Whyalla, S.A.

CHEDDAR SAVORY

Six thick stale scones, ½lb. thin bacon rashers, butter to spread, tomato sauce, cheddar cheese.

Cut scones in halves, spread with butter, pour on a little tomato sauce. Top with ½in. thickness of cheese and a slice of bacon. Place in a hot oven, cook 10 minutes until cheese is soft and bacon crisp. Serve hot with baked tomato halves.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. E. Blight, Dewsbury Park, Kellerberrin, W.A.

MOCHA LAYER CAKE

Half cup cocoa, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 cup strong black coffee, 4oz. margarine (or other shortening), 2 eggs, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Blend cocoa with half the coffee, add ½ cup of the sugar, cook until slightly thickened. Allow to cool. Cream shortening with balance of sugar and vanilla, add cooled cocoa mixture and balance of coffee. Stir in beaten egg-yolks. Fold in sifted flour, soda, and baking powder. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into 3 greased 7in. sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven, 350deg. F., 25 minutes. Join with mock cream when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 32 Esplanade, Semaphore, S.A.

VEGETABLES, fruit, and rolled oats combine to make Scotch patties a fine breakfast dish—good, hot, and wholesome. The recipe for these patties, given above, wins £1 cash prize for a country reader.

BABY'S HEALTH DEPENDS ON HIS EATING HABITS!

Modern methods of infant feeding may be likened to the science of architecture, in that both are concerned with the building of a structure that will withstand the test of time. Infant feeding differs in one major respect — that of "habit formation". It is acknowledged that habits, good or bad, are established during the early months of baby's life, and perhaps the most important of all is the eating habit. Babies, and growing children, must have ample Vitamin B and good Protein if growth, digestion, appetite and bone and muscle development is to proceed. Such development calls for the "home cooked" cereal habit, for only in home cooked cereals can you obtain the full quota of essential vitamins and minerals.

Such a cereal is ENERTONE. It is concentrated, non-irritating, vitamin-enriched, easily digested and requires the minimum of cooking. ENERTONE is rich in body-building protein and minerals and contains three times as much Vitamin B as is present in whole wheat or other infant foods. ENERTONE is a delight to the palate, quick and easy to prepare and very economical . . . "It costs only three ha'pence a day, to nourish baby the Enertone way"!

ENERTONE is sold by chemists only at 3/6 per 30 oz. canister.

Pro-Vita
ENERTONE

PV2—6

PASCALL PASCALL PASCALL
Pascall SWEETS ARE PURE DELIGHT

"NERVY"? "IRRITABLE"?

If you find yourself "flaring up" at home or at your work over things that don't really matter, it's a sure sign that you must take steps at once to re-build the resources of energy upon which you may be making such heavy calls each day or night. To throw off quickly the effects of war strain, domestic or business worries, all you need is WINCARNIS, the natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines and nourishing body-building extracts. Recommendations from medical men show how WINCARNIS brings back the alertness of health. You'll feel brighter in mind and stronger in body, with the first glass of WINCARNIS. It is the "No-Waiting Tonic". Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS and face the future confidently.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or rugged — if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him BARKO Condition Powders. BARKO Condition Powders. 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

LAWRENCE LEONG
Ph.C. (Hongkong), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)
CHINESE HERBALIST
LEADING IN AUSTRALIA
CHALLIS HOUSE, MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY
Telephone B2921

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TO PUT MUSCLES ON HIS ARMS... AND *Roses* IN HER CHEEKS

SERVE ETA PEANUT BUTTER EVERY DAY. The nutty "fresh-roasted" flavour sharpens appetites, sends them back for *more* . . . and its concentrated balanced nourishment helps develop healthy bodies and keen, alert brains.

Eta Peanut Butter contains more protein than beef, is rich in carbohydrates, in fats, in essential minerals (iron, calcium, phosphorus), in vitamins, and in energy-sustaining caloric value.

For breakfasts, lunches, teas or "in-betweens" make sure of serving plenty of delicious Eta Peanut Butter.

Doctors, Dietitians and Clinics recommend this delicious Health Food

Eta Peanut Butter is recommended for children from the age of 15 months and upwards, because of its essential food value, and because it is so easily digested. . . . Dr. Harvey Sutton writes: "For Vitamin B_1, the peanut is one of our richest supplies, far better than whole grain bread or beans of any type. Vitamin A is also present. It is astonishing to think that 12 peanuts (6/10 oz.) contain as much energy as 1 oz. sugar, ½ oz. butter, 1½ oz. bread or 3 ozs. lean beef."

Golden-brown, tasty "Eta" is Peanut Butter at its best. Ask for it by **name.**

ETA

PEANUT BUTTER

(Known in some States as PEANUT PASTE)

Makes you GLAD you're hungry!

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CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT

NOW NO TROUBLE

Extra minerals in BIDOMAK create new, rich, red blood, build up appetite, renew vigour, help children to sleep well and cope fully with work at school and play at home.

Prove this with BIDOMAK in 14 days, or no cost!

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.

Your blood stream brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body. A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fag, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When these minerals are supplied the results of mineral deficiency disappear and health returns. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added catalytic copper, and manganese salts in an approved form, to speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT.

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed.

A DIFFERENT GIRL—AFTER BIDOMAK.

"Marrickville.

"I feel I must write and tell you what BIDOMAK has done for my little girl. She was a bad case of nerves; I really thought she was getting St. Vitus Dance. It was then I tried BIDOMAK and, believe me, she is a different girl.

"(Sgd.) S. Morgan."

NO RISK TEST.

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement, your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

3/-

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY."

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.

GLIMPSE OF HALL showing the staircase covered by a close-fitting reseda-green carpet. An awkward corner has been charmingly put to use with an occasional table for lamp and flowers.

ANOTHER VIEW of entrance hall. Color scheme is oyster-grey and reseda-green. Modern ornamental heads instead of pictures on the wall is new, charming idea. Note attractive curtains.

Streamlined comfort in home decoration

● These pictures of a newly furnished house near London illustrate postwar trend in furniture design and room treatment.

LEADING designers in London declare that steel tubing furniture and the restless colors of the prewar period are as dead as the dodo as far as interior decoration is concerned.

The aim of designers is to create an atmosphere of peace and comfort; in short, quiet, streamlined comfort in home decoration is the keynote of to-day.

The interiors shown here were created by Lazlo Hoenig, conceded to be one of London's outstanding designers.

A lover of beautiful woods, he prefers them to plastics in furniture design.

And he makes a fetish of chairs for comfortable living. They are well sprung, well made, and expertly upholstered.

He says that mirrors discreetly placed to give an appearance of breadth and depth, fewer pictures on the walls, and new but quiet color combinations create an atmosphere of space, comfort, and charm in the smaller rooms of to-day's homes.

He believes in the lavish use of curtains for room beauty. Window draping is a feature of all his interiors.

Lighting, of course, receives close attention. Fluorescent lighting banishes ugly glare, gives each room a soft, diffused glow which adds to its comfort and its beauty.

You will be interested in the color schemes of these rooms. They vary according to the use and disposition of each room, but make a charming background for comfortable living.

CHARMINGLY NEW. The upper landing at stairway-head has an individuality of its own, with a skylight, narrow shelf for flowers, and a writing-desk. Small lamp keeps landing in half-light during night.

Defy Greyness—

and buy back 10 years of your life!

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

Peggy Sage

Exclusive Manicure

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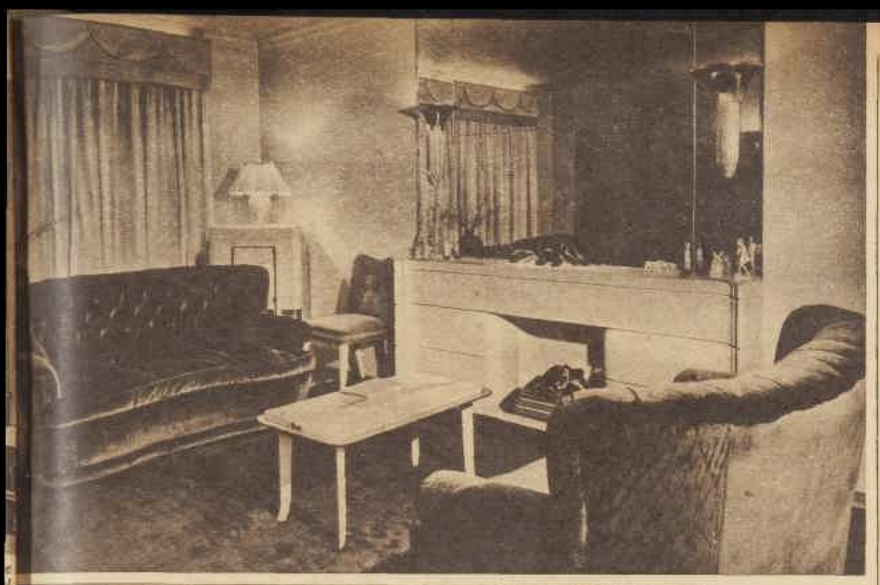
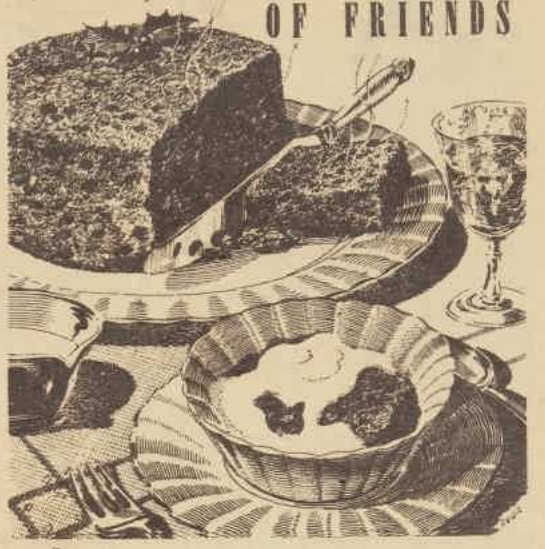


LIVING - ROOM: Here you see the fireplace as the focal point of room. Concealed fluorescent lighting behind the pelmets and iridescent wall-lamps throw a warm, restful glow over the oyster and nigger-brown furniture. The mirror above the stone fireplace is in a flattering peach color.

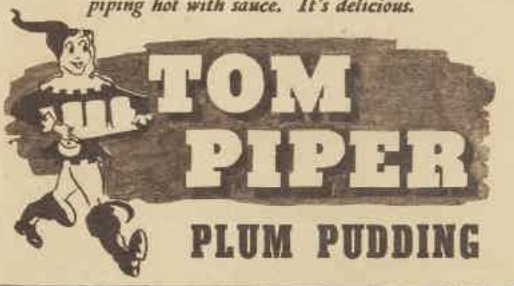
ANOTHER VIEW (left) of living-room showing a combination cabinet of weathered sycamore and very comfortable chairs.

EMPHASIS AGAIN on the dining-room. Color scheme is wine-red and brown, biscuit-toned walls. Furniture of sycamore and cherry mahogany. Fluorescent lighting comes from behind the large satin-curtained windows. Note comfortably upholstered chairs.

A Host OF FRIENDS



Serve Tom Piper Plum Puddings to your guests and you compliment their good taste. There's no more fitting climax to a good dinner than a rich fruity Tom Piper Plum Pudding served piping hot with sauce. It's delicious.



PATON

More cough remedy for less money...

One pint of this famous cough remedy costs you only 2/- — gives instant relief — nice to take!

Be one of the many thousands of wise mothers who keep their family cough remedy bills down by making, for the low cost of only two shillings, ONE PINT of the famous HEENZO COUGH REMEDY. You simply buy a two shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO from your nearest chemist or store. By adding the HEENZO to sweetened water according to the easy directions supplied, you make a family supply (ONE PINT) of the best instant relief and nice-to-take family remedy for soothing sore throats, easing the chest and quickly relieving coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza. Remember, HEENZO is equally good for adults and children and it is a wise plan to have HEENZO COUGH REMEDY always in your home for immediate use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. The quicker you act, the quicker the cure. Don't delay—from your chemist or store buy HEENZO to-day.

Sgt. JOCK SPARKES writes:-

"I have been a user of HEENZO for over seven years and still consider it is the best cough remedy I have ever used."

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COUGH REMEDY

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Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/- & 1/3.

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More and more piles sufferers are getting wonderful results from Zam-Buk Suppositories. Hygienic, convenient and simple to use. Left in position at night, they soothe and heal while you sleep—subduing pain, reducing swelling and inflammation.

ZAM-BUK SUPPOSITORIES

1/6 a box.

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"So very nutritious—*these tasty Winter Snacks*"

says ***Elizabeth Cooke—Famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert***

Kraft Welsh Rarebit

1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon flour; ½ cup milk; Salt; Dash of cayenne; ½ teaspoon dry mustard; Worcestershire Sauce; ½ lb. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; Toast.

Make a sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. When thickened and smooth, add the shredded cheese. Stir until cheese is melted. Serve hot on toast. If desired, garnish each serving with two strips of broiled bacon.

You wouldn't believe that anything which can be made so easily as this tasty Kraft Cheese sandwich could taste so delicious!

It takes just a second to slice golden Kraft Cheese on to a plain biscuit and to pop it under the griller. Mmm! Mmmmm! Delicious!

Ounce for ounce there's no basic food that equals cheese for complete high quality protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients of milk

"When it comes to cooking there's only one cheese to use" says Elizabeth Cooke, "and that is Kraft Cheese. Blended better, it melts smoothly and always has the same delicious flavour." Kraft take the finest hand-picked matured cheddars and blend the mild with the tasty to give that true cheddar flavour. Ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8 oz. pack or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5lb. loaf.

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Fashion PATTERNS

"ELIZABETH"
Smart little hat to suit any occasion

This "off-the-face" model hat has been created for you by a notable French milliner. Ideal for you to wear with your winter outfits.

It comes in smart black, navy, brown, and pastel-blue, and all shades are trimmed with a dusty-pink flower on each side of the face.

Price 39/11, plus 2/- postage. It is sent to you by registered post in a special box. No head fitting is required for this hat.

It can be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address in your State given at foot of this page.

F4354.—Beguiling little frock with slim, sophisticated air. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

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FASHION Patterns and Model Hat can be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address below.

F4357.—Darling six-piece layette for your infant. Sizes, infants to 2 years. Nightgown requires 1½yds. 36in. wide; frock, 1½yds. 36in. wide; slip, ½yd. 36in. wide; pilchers, ½yd. 36in. wide; coat, 1½yds. 36in. wide; bonnet, ½yd. 36in. wide. Pattern, 2/8 complete.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Model Hat (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.
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★ *PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should:* ★ *Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS.* ★ *Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS.* ★ *State size required.* ★ *For children state age of child.* ★ *Use box numbers given on this page.* ★ *C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

What's wrong with this picture?★

HOW pronounced is your bump of observation? Here is a chance to find out. Give yourself a fair test, however, before you look at the answer which is printed below.

It isn't that the player on the left has a headache. That's too evident to be a puzzle. He can so easily and quickly relieve that pain with Bayer's Aspirin Tablets.

When you seek the fastest relief you can possibly get from headache, remember the Bayer's Aspirin Tablet glass-of-water test.

Bayer's Aspirin Tablets actually start to work to bring you fast pain-relief just as quickly as they start to disintegrate in a glass of water—in 2 seconds.

★ Answer: The goal-posts are Soccer posts while the Ball is a Rugby Ball and the player with the headache is wearing a numbered Rugby jersey.

MAKE THIS TEST
Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin Tablets act so quickly.

Insist on
BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS
24 for 1/3 — 100 for 4/-

DR. JOHNSON

Dr. Johnson was a famous trencherman. Lark Pie, braised capon, Braddenham ham, roast sucking pig—all these were daily fare at Ye Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern. And always at Dr. Johnson's side was Boswell, recording the great man's every utterance, anticipating his every wish. Here we see him passing the MUSTARD, for like all good trenchermen he knows that KEEN'S MUSTARD not only improves flavour and adds piquancy, but also promotes a hearty appetite.

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INNER warmth is your best protection against winter ills and chills, so start serving nourishing WEET-BIX for breakfast to-morrow morning! Abundantly rich in heat-producing carbohydrates — and now fortified with added VITAMIN B1, — WEET-BIX offers you all the sustaining goodness of whole wheat in a crisply delicious form that you can serve in a matter of seconds! Just add HOT MILK and it is ready!

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